

# POEMS

WRITTEN

On several Occasions;

BY

N. TATE.

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The Second Edition enlarged.

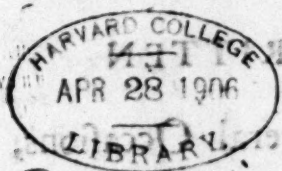
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POEMS



Appleton gift  
BY

W. T. A. D.

The Second Edition enlarged.

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The Epistle Dedicatory.

my Offering with much more cheerfulness.  
To

Her HIGHNESS

THE  
Princess ANN, &c.

Madam,

**I** Know not how to Own the humble  
Opinion I have of these Poems  
at the same time that I present them to  
your Highness.

Were it possible for me to write what  
could have any proportion of Merit to  
your Highness's Favour, I should bring

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

my Offering with much more Chearfulness. Goodness in Princes naturally occasions trouble to Themselves and such as are near to them: His Royal Highness had been pleas'd to receive favourably an honest endeavour of my Muse, which was my greatest Encouragement to this Address. But so raging was that Season of Faction; that no Son of Loyalty could want Indignation enough to constitute a Poet. That ever the Hearts of Men could conceive such Injustice and Ingratitude towards a Prince that had so highly oblig'd the Nation, can onely have belief with the Age in which it was transacted.

But

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

But Heaven has once more descended in Miracles, to establish the Royal Family; and in them Prosperity to the Nations. The Storm is spent, the Peoples Sighs restored, Sedition for ever disarmed of Pretences. Bankrupt Prodigals are no longer made Guardians of Property, nor Atheists of Religion.

Whither then should the Muses now betake themselves with the Songs of Peace, but to the fair Branches of the Royal Stem? whose Praises

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

and Perfections can they more justly celebrate than those that so eminently adorn your Highness. To what cause can they more assign our new establish'd Happiness, than to a Reward from Providence for that most illustrious progress of all Virtues in your Highness, from your very Infancy. And as a further Illustration of your being constituted by Heaven for a general Blessing; We triumph in your Nuptials with a most auspicious Prince, who ( besides his personal Conduct and Valour ) has strengthened our Monarchy with a most powerful Alliance. Your Blooming Beauties

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Beauties were justly made the Prize  
of his early Fame.*

*All Hearts therefore are employ'd  
in Addresses to Heaven for Your Fe-  
licity, and impatient for the Royal  
Blessing You promise.*

*If I had a Talent of Panegyrick,  
I should decline it in addressing to  
Your Highness, of whom the ablest  
Wit cannot express so much as the  
plainest Heart conceives. Your High-  
nesses most charming Condescension, the  
heavenly Sweetness of Your Temper,*

## **The Epistle Dedicatory.**

*Your unaffected and habitual Piety,  
Your Generosity and Charity are eternally  
their own Registers, transcending all  
Rhetorick, much more what  
can be exprest by,*

**Madam,**

*The meanest of Your  
Obedient Servants*

**N. TATE.**

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These Mistakes are to be corrected, being destruc-  
tive to the Sense.

PAGE 5. l. 2. for *speck* read *peak*. for *Fame* r. *Fame*. p. 57. read  
the fourth Line before the third. p. 57. l. 1. for *the* r. *no* p. 57.  
for *Humor* r. *Humour*. Ibid. l. 2. for *choft* r. *choft*. p. 116. leave out the  
fifth line. p. 110. for *redress* r. *disress*. p. 115. l. 1. for *excellent* r. *ex-  
cellence*. p. 125. l. 6. for *temperd* r. *temperd*. p. 136. l. 12. for *from* r. *for*.  
p. 144. l. 5. for *Crow* r. *Crowd*. p. 147. for *Eye* r. *Eyes*. p. 148. l. 6 for *seems*  
r. *seems*. p. 168. l. 6. for *for* r. *short*. p. 169. l. 9. for *Five* r. *Fires*. p. 170.  
l. 12. for *waters* r. *waters*. p. 171. l. 7. for *on* r. *ours*. p. 172. l. 1.  
for *mountain* r. *mortal*. p. 173. l. 16. for *the* r. *the*. p. 174. l. 2. for *for*  
r. *fact*.

---

*Which first Deceit no Chance could countermand*

*Not Wind, nor Wave, nor more delusive Sand,*

# POEMS, &c.

*On His Royal Highness's Deliverance  
from Shipwreck in the Gloucester,  
the Sixth of May, 1682.*

*In vain the Muse would labour to express*

*Famque Dies (in fallor) utest, quem semper laudat,  
Semper honoratum, sic On columbis habetur;*

*At best, 'twere impious Art and cruel Wit:*

**N**O Art, no Change of Pencills can display,  
The various Fate of this important Day:

Nor knows the Muse what Numbers to

Sufficient for its Office and for its Joy.

Consulting Heav'n determin'd to restore

Our Royal Heroe to the longing Shore;

B

Which

Which first Decree no Chance cou'd countermand,  
Nor Wind, nor Wave, nor more destructive Sand;  
Nor all the crying Guilt and impious Rage  
Of a most Faction and ingrateful Age;  
Which yet in part the Blessing did destroy;  
Nor could our Crimes admit the perfect Joy:  
For in our Triumphs at his wish'd Return,  
His Followers most dismal Wreck we mourn.  
In vain the Muse would labour to express  
That fatal Hour's unspeakable Distress:  
Besides, if any Words such Grief could fit,  
At best 'twere impious Art and cruel Wit:  
'Twere Sin to bring the mournful Scene in view,  
And wound our pious Heroes Heart anew.  
Too much the Pangs that then did rend his Breast,  
By his most Savage Foes must be confest.  
Such Agony that Minute seiz'd his Mind,  
He thought the Care that sav'd his Life, unkind.

# P O E M S.

3

Ye mighty Spirits, You that then expir'd  
With Hearts for any brave Adventure fir'd,  
Let not your Ghosts repine that you did yield  
To such tame Fate without a Foe in Field;  
Without a Price for such Heroick Breath,  
And Standards seiz'd to signalize your Death;  
Without the Trophies of the Souldiers Toil,  
Whole Groves of Ensigns gain'd, and Hills of Spoil,  
Let no such Thought your rising Joys suppress,  
Or make the happy Fields delight you less:  
Such Honours were to former Worthies known,  
And ev'ry Age has Spoils and Trophies shewn;  
But this new silent Method of your Fate,  
Renown yet un-recorded does create:  
While you from thence unequall'd Glory claim,  
And stand unrival'd in the Roll of Fame.  
Then let Applause, so vast, so just as This,  
Reach to your World of Joy, and raise your Bliss.

B 2

Rest

Rest pleas'd, that e'er you perisht, you could see  
 Your Royal Master from the Danger free;  
 That you his Safety hail'd with latest Breath,  
 And had his Tears to consecrate your Death.

Next, for the scatter'd Remnant, scarce secur'd  
 From that sad Lot their noble Mates endur'd,  
 While lab'ring Heav'n no Miracles did spare,  
 To second their indulgent Master's Care.  
 Let Angels sing the Goodness he express,  
 Condol'd their Sufferings, and their Wants redress,  
 While such Supplies his Bounty did convey,  
 As almost heal'd the Ruines of the day.

Such Verrue did *Aeneas* Breast employ,  
 Once more preserving the Remains of *Troy*;  
 His scatter'd Troop collecting on the Shore,  
 Sav'd now from Floods as from the Flames before.  
 O for a *Mars* of this Age, to raise  
 With equal Verse, our equal Hero's Praise!

Nor



Nor shall succeeding Times the Work disclaim,  
That speak Great *James* his Sufferings and his Fames.  
How do I curse the Muse my Youth withdrew,  
From gainful Science to the chiming Crew ;  
Yet when on his lov'd Name she lends her Aid,  
I bless my Lot, and think my Grief's repaid.  
Soon as you please, ye Pow'rs, my Frame confound,  
Blend me with Brother Insects in the Ground ;  
Dissolve a Wretch, the Times and Fortune's Slave,  
O'represt with Wrongs, and stretching for the Grave :  
For ever shroud me in the peaceful Clay,  
No more the Scorn of Fools, and Villains Prey.  
Forgetting and forgotten by Mankind,  
Giv'n all to Fate, no Atom left behind.  
But Oh! whatever Songs of mine are grac'd  
With *James* his Deeds, let their Remembrance last ;  
To them, kind Heav'n, immortal Ages give,  
Let me be lost ; but let those Numbers live.

*Indisposed,*

L

**W**Hat tho' the restless Sun  
 Already has his Race begun?  
 Already summon'd to their *pleasant Toil*,  
 The peaceful Tillers of the Soil;  
 What *Comfort* in his *Laurels* can I find,  
 If yet no chearful Glimpse begin  
 A glorious Morn *within*,  
 But Mists and Darkness still oppress my *Mind*?

II.

What Entertainment can it be,  
 To hear the tuneful Birds from ev'ry Tree,  
 With grateful Songs the rising day salute,  
 Unless my *Fancy* with the *Musick* join?  
 If in my *Thoughts* I find no *Harmony*,

I shall

# P O E M S.

7

I shall (Alas!) as soon rejoyce,  
To hear the *Raven's* doleful Voice;  
Or be diverted with the *Bell*,  
That Rings my dearest *Friends* untimely *Knell*.

## III.

Whilst in my *Breast* the *Weather's Fair*,  
I ne're enquire the Temper of the *Air*:  
So *Reason* o're my *Appetites* bear sway,  
I'm unconcern'd what *Planet* Rules the *Day*.  
If hush'd and silent all my *Passions* lye,  
The loudest Storms that rend the *Sky*,  
Invite *Repose*, and make my *Sleep* more sound:  
The *Tempest* in my *Breast*  
Alone can break my *Rest*;  
From *Hurricanes* abroad less harm is found  
Than from the smallest Winds lodg'd *Under-ground*.

B 4

On

I shall (Alas!) as soon rejoice,

*On a Diseased Old Man, who Wept at  
thought of leaving the World.*

III.

Shame on thy Beard! That thou canst Bug-bears  
 Fear Death whom thou so oft hast seen,  
 So oft his Guest at Funerals hast been;  
 Thy self, I mean thy Better Half, already Dead!  
 The Tears were just, which at thy Birth did flow,  
 For then Alas! thou cam'st t'engage  
 The Miseries of Life, but now,  
 Thou art allow'd to quit the Tragick Stage;  
 Now to be careful to prolong the Scene,  
 And act thy Troubles o'er agen,  
 Is Folly, not to be forgiv'n, ev'n in thy doating Age.

II. Full

Not thyself thou wanner now, the cover'd o'er  
 I L  
 In Love, till thy faint limbs can bear no more:

**Full Fourscore Years, (bless us! a dreadful space)**

**The World has us'd thee ill,**

**Abus'd thee to thy Face;**

**And Deatard, canst thou still**

**Solicite her Embrace?**

**In vain thou covet'st to enjoy**

**The haughty Dame, when Age and Pains**

**Have shrunk thy Nerves, and chill'd thy Veins,**

**Who to thy flourishing Years, was so reserv'd and coy.**

**III.**

**Can Cramps, Catarrhs, and Palsies be**

**Such charming Company?**

**What Pleasures can the Grave deprive**

**Thy Senses of? What Inconvenience give?**

**From which thou art exempted while alive?**

**At worst thou canst but have**

**Cold Lodging in the Grave;**

**Nor**

Nor ly'st thou warmer now, tho' cover'd o'er  
In *Ferr*, till thy faint Limbs can bear no more:

Thou sleep'st each Night in so much *Sear-Cloth*  
(bound,

Thou'dst need no more to lodge thee *under-ground*.

## I V.

Go, lay thy senseless Hopes of Health aside;

No longer *Potions* take,

No more *Incisions* make:

Let thy dull Flesh no more be *scarify'd*:

Resign, resign thy tainted *Breath*;

Consult with no *Physicians* more, but *Death*:

When all thy *Surgons* Instruments prove vain,

His never-failing *Dart*

Will bleed thee gently at thy *Heart*,

And let out *Life*, the Source of all thy Pain!

Let then thy *Funeral Pile* be made,

With *Refumery* and *Cypress* grac't,

Aloft on it thy *Carcase* plac't;

Beside

# P O E M S.

11

Beside thee too thy *Catcher* laid;  
Those *Utensils* will thus oblige thee more,  
*Fomenting* the kind Flame, then when they bore  
Thy crazy and decrepit Limbs before!

---

T O

Mr. *F L A T M A N*,

On his Excellent

# P O E M S.

**S**Trange Magick of thy Wit and Scile,  
Which to their Grief Mankind can recon-  
(cite!

While thy *Philander's* tuneful Voice we hear,  
Condoling our disastrous State,  
Toucht with a sense of our hard Fate,  
We sigh perhaps, or drop a Tear;

But

But he the mournful Song so sweetly sings,  
 That more of Pleasure than Regret it brings,  
 With such *becoming Grief* build up his guttural  
 So sweetly sad, the *Trojan Chief*  
 Troy's Conflagration did relate,  
 That ev'n the *Suff'ers* in the Fire drew near,  
 And with a greedy Ear  
 Devour'd the story of their own subverted State.

Kind Heav'n (as to her *Darling Song*) to thee  
 A double Portion did impart,  
 A Gift of Painting, and of Poesie:  
 Nor second to the Best in either Art.  
 Thy happy Pencills more than Pictures give;  
 Thy Drafts are more than Representative:  
 For, if we'll credit our own Eyes, they *Live*!  
 Ah! worthy Friend, could'st thou maintain the State  
 Of what with so much Ease thou do'st create,

We



# P O E M S.

13

We might reflect on Death with Scorn!  
But Pictures like th' Originals decay!  
Of Colours those consist, and these of Clay;  
Alike compos'd of *Dust*, to *Dust* alike return!

III.

Yet 'tis our Happiness to see  
Oblivion, Death, and adverse Destiny,  
Encounter'd, vanquish'd, and disarm'd by thee.

For if thy Pencils fail,  
Change thy *Artillery*,  
And thou art then secure of Victory;  
Employ thy *Quill*, and thou shalt still prevail.  
The grand Destroyer Time it self will spare,

The meanest things that bear  
Th' Impression of thy Pen:  
Tho' ne'er so coarse and cheap the *Metal* were,  
Stamp'd with thy *Verses*, he knows they're sacred then.  
He knows them by that *Character* to be  
Predestinate, and set apart for *Immortality*.

IV. If

## I V.

If Native Lustre in thy Theams appear,  
 Improv'd by thee, it shines more clear :

Or if thy Subject's void of native Light,

Thy Fancy need but dart a Beam

To guild the darkest Theam,

And make the rude *Moss* beautiful and bright.

Thou very'ft oft thy Strains, but still

Success attends each Strain :

Thy Verse is always lofty as the Hill,

Or pleasant as the Plain.

How well thy Muse the *Pastoral* improves !

Whose *Nymphs* and *Swains* are in their *Loves*,

As innocent, and yet as kind as *Doves*.

But most, she moves our wonder and delight,

When she performs her loose *Pindarick* Flight ;

Off to their utmost reach she will extend

Her tow'ring Wings to soar on high,

Then by as just degrees descend,

And

# P O E M S.

19

And oft with wanton Play hangs hov'ring in the Sky.

v.

Whilst Sense of Duty to my artless Muse,

Th' ambition wou'd infuse

To mingle with those *Nymphs* that Homage pay,

And wait on thine in her *triumphant way*:

Defect of Merit checks her forward Pride,

And makes her dread t'approach thy Chariot side;

She knows what rude indecency

It were, at best, if not profane,

T' appear at this Solemnity

Unwreath'd, among the *Lawrell'd Train*.

But this She will presume to do,

At distance to attend the Shew,

The scatter'd Bays to gather, and with those

A Vulgar Coronet compose;

A needful Ornament to hide

Her Nakedness, and not for Pride:

Such was the artless, hasty Dress

Of

The first offending Pain did frame  
Of platted Leavers, not to express  
Their Pride, but merely to conceal their Shame.

To mingle with those Vowels that Homage pay,  
And wait on thine in thine own way.

Present Corrupted State  
And makes her dread, & reproach thy Character like;

P O E T R Y.

W Rite thy own Elegy, Apostate Art,  
Thou Angel, once of Light;

But, since thy Fall, a Fiend of Night,  
Mankind (alas too prone,) contriving to pervert.

At first, to th' Altar's Service thou wert bound,  
With Innocence instead of Laurel Crown'd;

Anthems and Hallelujahs did it resound:  
But

But now forgetful of thy bright Descent,  
 Thy prostituted Pains foment,  
 And feed the Vices of the Age,  
*Flatt'ring* in Court, and *Rev'lling* on the Stage.  
 That *Poesie*, that did at first inspire  
 Devotion and Seraphick Fire,  
 For Hell her Talent now employs,  
 The very Bawd to sensual Joys,  
 Sustaining with forc'd Heat Love's languishing desire.

## I L.

The wisest and most Potent Kings of Old  
 Embrac'd the Faculty; nor did disdain  
 To leave their Royal Names enroll'd  
 Among th' inspired Train:  
 They thought Success in Arms of less Renown,  
 And priz'd the Poet's Wreath above th' Imperial  
 (Crown,  
 But then the celebrated *Nine*,

C

Pious

Pious as *Sybills*, chaste as *Vestals* were,  
 The *Graces* were not more divine;  
 But now deform'd, and bloated they appear:  
*Nyximene* sustain'd no Change so foul,  
 A beauteous Nymph transform'd into a glaring Owl.

## I I I.

In happy Ages past, when Justice reign'd  
 The Muses too their Dignity maintain'd,  
 Then Poetry embalm'd some worthy Name,  
 And gave Deservers only Fame.  
 But now she's grown a mercenary Trade,  
 Heav'n's Sacred Gift the Price of Gold is made;  
 For Lucre, with Encomiums she'll pursue  
 The worst of Men, and praise their very Vices too,  
 While Lust, Extortion, Sacrilege go free,  
 She arms her Satyr, *Vertue*, against thee,  
 And turns on Heav'n its own Artillery.

IV. Who

## IV.

Who has the largest Share in her Applause,  
But some aspiring Prince that drowns the Field  
With humane Blood, who boasts of Thousands  
(kill'd,  
And ne'er consults the Justice of his Cause)

If to destroy can challenge Fame,  
*Famines* and *Plagues* the largest Trophies claim;  
But these the Muses smallest Errors are,  
And cannot with their blacker Crimes compare:  
Long since they were *immodest* grown, and *vain*;  
But are (Oh! Heav'n) at last become *profane*!  
Atheism and Blasphemy have dar'd to preach,  
Religion of Imposture to impeach;  
Those Sacred Truths which they themselves to the  
(rude World did teach,

## V.

Nor has Heav'ns just Revenge regardless view'd  
But with a signal Rage their Crimes pursu'd.

A constant Curse of *Poverty* attends

The wretched Man, whom any *Muse* befriends.

All who in this deluding Art engage,

Set out with Pleasure, weary reach their Stage;

*Frollick* in *Youth*, dissatisfy'd in *Age*!

Thus (neer learn'd *Cass*'s fair Current Pensive  
(laid)

Th' Ill-treated *Cowley* did his *Muse* upbraid:

Ah! who'd credit that *Surveys*

The Love and Dalliance of their youthful Days,

That e're this peaceful Bard, and gentle *Muse*,

Cou'd quarrel thus, and *mutually* accuse?

So, whilst some *seeming Happy Pair*

(Who *Hymens* Fetters wear)

In Publick fond as *Turtles* are,

Th' *Unwed* with Envy their Careless view;

But



But Ah! What wou'd they do,  
 If (as they see their *open Loves*) their *private Strife*  
 They knew?

---

### *The Search.*

#### I.

CONFESS ingenuously, O Man,  
 The Upshot of thy Toyl and Pain,  
 The Product of thy Brain;  
 Since first thy *busie Race* began,  
 Canst thou produce one Evidence,  
 To prove thy *boasted Reason*, Thought or Sense?  
 Yes—Gradually each Age has been Refin'd,  
 By never-ceasing Labours of man-kind;  
 The Labours of their Hand, and of their Mind;  
 Ev'n wily *Nature*, with her *vary'd Shapes*,  
 But rarely from their Search escapes;  
 Long she resists, but strictly prest,

Relinquish at last the Secrets of her Breast,  
 Bold Mortals rob with Ease  
 Her richest Coffers, be they laid  
 In deep Recesses of profoundest Seas,  
 Or to the Caverns of the Earth convey'd;  
 Rather than live contemn'd and Poor,  
 They'll plunge and dive for Gems that sleep  
 On Beds of Rock beneath the Deep,  
 And Travel *Under-ground* for Golden-Oar.

## I I.

Enough! ——— if we'll lay claim,  
 From these Performances, to Fame,  
 Where will the Volume of our Praises end?  
 For, thousand Instances beside  
 Will vindicate our Pride,  
 And still the Triumphs of our *Wit* extend,  
 Such are the Conquests which we daily gain  
 On Learnings *Undiscover'd* Parts:  
 Our active Fancies still create new Arts;

Create

# P O E M S.

123

Create new Arts, and what is more,  
 Ev'n from the *Dead* restore  
 Arts, that in Ages past have bury'd lain.  
 I grant all this, yet justly still suspect  
     Our *Glorie's* Weight will fail,  
 And Vanity be found the heavier Scale :  
 Impartially if we reflect,  
 We shall perceive there's wanting yet  
 The *Richest Crown* our Triumphs to compleat ;  
     In vain we boast *Discoveries*,  
 Whilst we return without the *noblest Prize* ;  
 The *Art of Happiness* still undiscover'd lies,

## I I I.

Oh Happiness! (if Happiness be ought  
 Beside a wild *Chimera* in the Thought)  
     To what close Nook art thou confin'd ?  
     What distant Continent, or Isle,  
     That thou canst still beguile  
 The restless Search of all *Mankind*!

C 4

Ev'n

Ev'n in this Vale of Misery,  
 Some Rivulets of Bliss we taste;  
 But Rivulets half *dry*,  
 And *tainted* with the *Soil* through which they pass,  
 Ah! that some friendly Seraph wou'd convey,  
 Or point me out the way  
 To those glad Lands, where Happiness flows *pure*;  
 Where I might drink secure  
 At Pleasure's *Fountain-Head*;  
 No Surfeit wou'd I dread;  
 But quaff the Cordial Flood,  
 Till mingling with my Blood,  
 And *circ'ling* through each Part,  
 It should like *Balsom* ease my Smart;  
 Like *Nectar*, cherish my dejected Heart!

## I V.

In *various ways* deluded Mortals toil,  
 All busi'd i'th' Discovery of *Content*;  
 Content the *Game* we all pursue;

But

But hunt it still on a cold *Scents*;  
The wary Prey ne'er comes in view,  
But *sculks* aloof and leaves us at a *Foil*:  
Yet where's the disappointed Man will say,  
He now despairs of being blest?  
For tho' at present unpossess'd  
Of his dear Hope, he's yet in a fair way;  
That now his Project wants but carrying on  
As 'tis begun,  
And then the mighty Task is done :  
Done, say'st thou, credulous Man?  
Yes! So the *Babel* Builders heretofore,  
Raising to Heav'n their proud Tow'r, lackt no more  
Than *carrying on the Work as they began*.  
But, grant thy Years of *Drudgery* were past,  
'Tis odds thou art impos'd upon at last :  
Thou, like the *Syrian* Husband-man of Old,  
Believ'st thy self to hold  
The beauteous *Rachel* fast in thy Embrace;  
And

And tho' the pleasing Error last a Night,  
 Be sure the next returning Light  
 Shall fright thee with an unexpected Face,  
 And shew thee *Blar-ey'd-Leab* in thy *Rachell's* place.

---

### *The Prospect.*

FROM a tall *Præcipice* on the Sea-side,  
 A Rev'rend *Hermite* view'd the spreading Tide:  
 The Flood tho curl'd with a becoming Wave,  
 No Sign of any rising *Tempest* gave.  
 A goodly Ship was coasting by the Place,  
 Like a proud Courser *foaming* in her Pace:  
 With flatt'ring Courtship the lascivious Gails  
 Her Streamers furl, and wanton in her Sails.  
 The Waves divide to give the *Pageant* way;  
 Then closing, with rais'd Heads the Pomp survey.  
 Whilst the grave Man this Spectacle intends,  
 Pleas'd with the Scene a suddain Storm descends,

That

That in one Instant rises all the Boat,  
 Whose scatter'd Streamers on the Billows float.  
 Reflects at large on this disastrous Sight,  
 Then, to his Cell return'd, the *Anchorite*  
 Of earthly *Greatness* weighs th' uncertain State,  
 Which, in its fairest *Bloom*, and proudest *Height*,  
 Stands most expos'd to Storms of sudden *Fate*.

---

*The Request.*

SO may you Spring, and so Heav'n's choicest *Dew*,  
 In Nightly-Show'rs distill, fair *Plants*, on you;  
 As You on Me your rankest *Venom* shed,  
 Whil'st at Your Feet I make my grassie Bed.  
 And Thou, O *Goddess*, (whose obliging Womb  
 Affords the Living *Food*, the Dead a *Tomb*)  
 Permit me, e'er I die, to dig my Grave;  
 'Tis all my starv'd Ambition has to crave.

I rob Thee not ; for, tho' my delving Spade  
Dislodge thy Mould, there's yet no *Trespass* made :  
For I the petty Damage shall repay,  
Filling the vacant Ground with *my own Clay*.

---

*The Installment.*

I.

**L**ong have I languish'd in the Fire  
Of an unquenchable Desire ;  
And will it not suffice Thee, Love,  
That I thy silent *Martyr* am,  
Unless thy Worship I improve,  
Converting others to thy Flame?  
If I the Practice not neglect,  
Thou canst no more from Me expect ;  
Not gifted for a *Teacher* in the Sect.

II. My



## I I.

My Gifts of *Nature* are too small ;

I own it, and pretend no *Call* :

Beside, I've found at last the *Cheat* ;

The Flame that does thy Priests inspire,

(Pretended for Seraphick Heat)

Is meer *Enthusiastick* Fire.

When Heav'n inspires, the Mind no Trouble knows ;

But Love's *wild Extases* (like those

Of Pagan Priests) torment and discompose.

## I I I.

And 'tis no more than their Desert,

That these Impostors thus should smart,

By whose false Wiles we are betray'd

To Love's curst Tyranny and Rage :

For they, when once his Captives made,

Streight fall to *singing* in their *Cage* :

Mean while from far the wond'ring Flock repairs,

And list'ning to their Charming *Airs*,

Insensibly are caught in equal Snares.

*The*

---

*The Penance.*

**N**ymph *Favours* the Gentlest Maid  
That ever happy Swain obey'd,

(For what Offence I cannot say)

A Day and Night, and half a Day,

Banish't her Shepherd from her Sight:

His Fault for certain was not flight;

Or sure this tender Judge had ne'er

Impos'd a Penance so severe.

And lest she should anon revoke

What in her warmer Rage she spoke,

She bound the Sentence with an Oath,

Protested by her *Faith* and *Troth*,

Nought shou'd compound for his Offence,

But the full Time of *Abstinence*.

Yet when his Penance Glass were run,  
His Hours of *Castigation* done,

Shou'd

Shou'd he defer one Minutes space  
 To come, and be restor'd to Grace,  
 With sparkling threatning Eyes she swore,  
 That Failing wou'd incense her more  
 Than all his Trespasses before.

---

### Laura's Walk.

#### I.

**T**HE Sun far sunk in his Descent,  
 Laid now his Tyrant Rays aside,  
 When *Laura* to the Garden went,  
 To triumph over *Natures Pride*.

#### II

The *Rose-Buds* blusht with deeper Dye,  
*Envy*ing *Lillies* paler grew ;  
 The *Violets* droopt with Fear to spie  
 On *Laura's Veins* a richer Blew.

#### III. She

## III.

She stoopt and gather'd as she went,  
 But whilst she *slaughter'd* sweetly *Smil'd*;  
 As Angells tho' for Ruine sent,  
 Appear with Looks *serene* and *mild*.

## IV.

But now grown weary with her Toyl,  
 A *Garland* for her Brow she frames:  
 Thus with proud *Trophies* made o'th' *spoil*,  
 Her *Conquest* o'er the *Spring* proclaims.

*The Usurpers.*

## I.

**U**Surping *Passions* held a long Contest  
 For the supream Domition of my Breast;  
 But whilst in mutual Broyls the Tyrants rag'd  
 Whoever by the Battel gain'd,  
 I still the *certain loss* sustain'd;

For

For they ne'er fail'd as oft as they engag'd,  
To waste the *Province* where the War was wag'd.

## II.

Whilst such wild Havock in my Breast was made,  
*Reason* first came to tender me his Aid;  
And sure with that most potent Prince ally'd,  
Had I but play'd the Man i'th' Fight,  
My Passions had been put to flight.  
But I not only to assist deny'd;  
But treacherously sell to th' *Enemy's side*.

## III.

Then from the Powers of *Love* redress I crav'd;  
But was by that *Alliance* worse enslav'd:  
For tho Loves Forces quickly did degrade  
These proud Usurpers of my Breast,  
Yet was I not hereby redrest,  
For *Love himself* prov'd false, when *Victor* made,  
And seiz'd the *Province* which he came to aid.

## D

## IV. But

## IV.

But heavier now the Bondage I sustain,

Then during my tumultuous *Passions* Reign.

'Twere now no small Presumption to implore

Indulgent Fates to let me free,

As in my *Native Liberty*.

Those Hopes are vanisht, let them but restore

My former *Tyrants*, I demand no more.

*The Amusement.*

*Strephon.*

**W**Hy weeps my *Sylvia*, prethee why?

*Sylvia.*

To think my *Strephon* once must die;

To think withall poor *Sylvia* may

When He's remov'd be doom'd to stay.

*Sheph.*

Nymph, You'r too lavish of your Tears,  
To waste them on Fantastick Fears.

*Sylv.*

No, for when I this Life resign,  
(If Fate prolong the Date of thine)  
The Tears you'l give my Funeral,  
Will pay me Interest, Stock and all.

*Sheph.*

Not so, for shou'd this setting Light  
Ne'er rise again in *Sylvia's* sight,  
Without a Tear in mine I'd view  
Her Dying Eyes.

*Sylv.*

'Tis false.

*Sheph.*

'Tis true.

*Sylv.*

Not weep, false Shepherd? Swear.

Stroph.

I Swear

I would not give thy Heart a Tear.

Sylv.

Break swelling Heart! perfidious Man!

Can you be serious? Swear agen,

Yes, Swear by *Ceres* and by *Pan*.

Stroph.

Let then great *Pan* and *Ceres* hear,

And punish if I falsely swear.

Sylv.

Gods! Can ye hear this and forgive?

You may; for, I have heard and live!

Stroph.

Rage not, rash *Nymph*, for I've decreedWhen *Sylvia* Dies———

Sylv.

Speak, what?

Stroph.

To bleed.



I'll drain the *Life-Blood* from my Heart;  
But no cheap *Tear* shall dare to start.

Kind Shepherd, could you *Life* despise,  
And bleed at *Sylvia's* Obsequies?

*Sheph.*

To *Ceres* I appeal, for she  
Knows this has long been my Decree.

*Sylv.*

Since then you cou'd your Vow fulfill,  
Swear, Swear once more you never will.

*The Amorist.*

See where enamour'd *Thirsis* lies,  
And cannot cease to gaze  
On his *Larissa's* sparkling Eyes;  
But takes delight to see those *Comets* blaze,

Whose *Leisure* still is fatal to the *Swain*,

O'er whom they *Moan*,

For by their *Influence* the poor *Shepherd Dies*,

Or (more *belamented*) *Lives in Pain*.

### *The Surprizal*

**I**N the straight *Passage* of a *Grove*,

Whom shou'd I chance to meet but *Love*?

I seiz'd the *Elf*, and said, at last,

*I've caught thee, and I'll hold thee fast:*

Now by thy Mothers *Doves* and *Sparrows*,

I'll rob thee of thy *Bow* and *Arrows*:

I'll chain thee up, and clip thy *Wings*,

Or strangle thee in thine own *Strings*,

Unless thou instantly relate

The Reason of my *Celia's* Hate.

Then thus the *Boy* reply'd, — *Fond Swain*

Vex not your self and me in vain;

That

That *Celia* answers not your Flame,  
Neither of us are to blame.

Returns of Love can only be  
From Beauty of a less Degree;  
But *Celia*, so divinely grac'd,  
To be ador'd, and not embrac'd.

*The Unconfind.*

SONG.

**B**elieve me, Nymph, you strive in vain  
My Passion to confine:

'Tis Noble, and must needs repine,

To wear the servile Chain.

Your Beauty's Pow'r, if you would see,

Bid Mountains to remove;

Your Charms may there successful be,

But never fix my Love.

## DIALOGUE,

*Alexis and Laura.**Laura.**Alexis—*

Dearest.

Take a Kiss.

*Alex.*

What means this unexpected Bliss?

A Bliss which I so oft in vain

Have crav'd, and now *now* obtain!*Laura.*

When to my Swain reserv'd I seem'd,

I lov'd him, kiss him, *less esteem'd!**Alex.*

Dear Nymph, your *former Arts* forbear,  
 With one already in the *Sane*.  
 'Tis, *Laura*, an unjust Design  
 To treat so plain a Soul as mine  
 With *Oracles*; such mystick Sense  
 Religion fitly may dispense,  
 But these dark Riddles marr *Love's Joy*,  
 As Clouds Gems in their *rays* destroy.

*Laur.*

Then take it on your Peril, Swain,  
 (Since you compell me to be plain)  
 The *Kiss* I gave you was in lieu  
 Of all *Love-debts* from *Laura* due.

*Alex.*

What Crimes can I have wrought to force  
 This suddain, and severe Divorce?

*Laur.*

Recall, false Shepherd, what to day  
 I heard you to *Derinda* say.

You

You said she did Noons Light out-shine,

That *Beauty's Queen* was less Divine;

You vow'd respect to her Commands,

And (Heav'n forgive you) kiss her Hands.

*Alex.*

You wrong me, Nymph, by *Far* you do;

That Courtship was Respect to you.

*Derinda's* Beauties well are known

To bear such Likeness to your own,

That when I made my late Address,

'Twas in that gentle Shepherdess

The sweetness of those Charms to taste,

Which so divinely *Love's* grace.

*Edm.*

Weak *Nymphs* with Men contend in vain,

Who Thus their Errors can maintain.

*Chorus.*

Wise Nature's Care is here exprest,

That neither Sex should be oppress'd,

Who,

Who, when to Nymphs she did commit

Commanding Charms, gave Shepherds Wit,

With Arts and Cunning to ally,

And temper Beauty's powerful Sway.

*The Restitution.*

Her keen Disdain pierc'd deep my Breast,

And with a sudden Breach dismiss

The dearest Drops my Heart contain'd:

I ventur'd to her, and complain'd,

To ease my Smart and still my Fears:

She wept, and bath'd my wound with Tears,

Blood will have Blood (they say) and be

Repaid in Kind: 'Tis false in me.

For Sylvia wound me yet more deep,

If after you vouchsafe to weep:

'Twill more than recompence my Wrongs, and

Bleeding to Death, shall Sylvia's Debt ordie.

The



*The Escape.*

**O**N a Stream's Bank I saw her stand,  
 A plyant *Angle* in her Hand.  
 I markt how she disguis'd the Hook,  
 And cast her Bait into the Brook.  
 The Sport succeeded to her Wish;  
 For straight she hung a maffer-Fish;  
 But Ah! too eager on her Prey,  
 Refus'd to give the Captive Play,  
 Till tir'd, himself he would resign;  
 Who checkt too rashly, broke the Line.  
 Away he shoots; but while he thus regains  
 His Liberty, the bearded *Steel* remains,  
 And galls his tender *Gills* with restless Pains.

I. I.

Like this poor *Fish* with me it far'd;  
 When first by her bright Channesshar'd:

For



For so I gorg'd the Bait she cast,  
While with the same impatient haste,  
She fiercely came to seize her Prey,  
That with hard struggling broke away.  
But to what purpose am I free,  
Living in *painful Liberty*?  
In vain I boast that I survive the Dart,  
Whose *Venom'd Pile* lies *festring* in my Heart,  
And (tho it kill not) galls with *restless smart*.

---

*The Politicians.*

**H**ow grossly do the Learn'd and Wise  
Mistake in Love's State-Policies!  
Who seeing Me and Celia part,  
Expect forthwith an open War:  
So little does their *Wisdom* guess,  
What makes a Lover's *Happiness*.  
That

That *Anger* fanns the *Fire*, and *Strife*,  
 The *Blessing* of the *Lovers* *Life*.  
 So *Turtles*, to encrease the *Bliss*,  
*Coo* and *swear* while they *kiss*.  
 Love like *Lightning* shines more fair  
 In *Storms* than in *serener Air*.  
 Let, *Celia*, None our *Judges* be;  
 But such as love to our *Degree*;  
 Whose wedded *Passion* holds the *same*,  
 As when we burnt in *Virgin Flame*.  
 Sometimes like parting *Streams* we *stray*,  
 And seem to take a *sundry way*;  
 But meet ere long, and so united move,  
 Till we are lost in a full *Sea of love*.

---

### The Vow-Breaker.

C Lose by a *Mossie Fountains Side*,  
 A spacious *Marble Basin* stands;  
 Passing that way, *Arctia* there I spy'd;  
 Oft-times and oft she wash'd and dry'd her *Hands*.  
Bless

Bless me! I could not chuse but smile  
 At her fantastick Toil;  
 For from her Arms the Waters purer fell,  
 Than when she took them from the Well!  
 So Vapours rais'd from Earth, renew,  
 And take in Air a fairer hue;  
 The Ev'ning Mist descends in Morning Dew.

I L  
 Ah! I'm undone; the Fear was just  
 That checkt me when I gave my Heart  
 To this fair Nymph, who storm'd at my distrust,  
 And swore from the dear Pledge she'd never part.  
 A while she lodg'd it in her Breast,  
 Where, like a *Turtle* in its *Nest*,  
 It slept, till she (wou'd you believe she cou'd)  
 Imbru'd her Hands in its warm Blood?  
 Then washing here, design'd to stain  
 The harmless Fount; but strove in vain;  
 Her Hands the Conscious Dye retain.

III. Hence

## III.

Henceforth let none your Beauty prize,  
 But such as can be false as you ;  
 You who admit no Hearts your *Volaries*,  
 Save what you make (like mine) your *Victims* too ;  
 'Tis evident what you design,  
 You'd be in earnest thought divine.  
 Then, *Goddeſs*, know your Rites amiſs proceed,  
 Your *Victims* burn before they bleed ;  
 But you theſe Impoſitions lay,  
 To try how tamely we'll obey,  
 E'er you erect your *Arbitrary* Sway.

---

*The Tear.*

**H**Old, *Julia*, ſave that precious *Tear*,  
 That ev'n adorns thine Eye ;  
 The *Meteor* ſparkles in that *Sphere* ;  
 But fall'n to *Earth* 'twill die ;

Yet

Yet in its *Orb* it cannot stay;  
 For see the *Sun-beams* come in swarms to prey,  
 And sip the rich delicious Juice away.

## I I.

Into this *Viol* let it fall——

( See *Julia*, how it sparkles through! )

Well may those *Eyes* prevail on all,

Whose *Tears* have killing *Glances* too,

If solid as a *Gem* it were,

No *Gem* could vie with this transparent *Tear*;

The *Eye* that wept it only cou'd compare.

## I I I.

It shall be so, I will convert

This *Tear* to a *Gem*, 'tis possible;

For laid near *Julia's* frozen *Heart*,

'Twill to a *Diamond* congeal.

These *Tears* of *Julia's* can fore-bode no Ill,;

The *Frost* is breaking when such drops distill.

---

*The Discovery.*

**W**Hen first Love's Vot'rie I became,  
 (Charm'd with the *Leſire* of his Flame)  
 My Youth his God-like Form admir'd,  
 And fondly thought his *Priſts* inspir'd.  
 'Mongſt them I proudly ſought a Place,  
 And was by Chance allow'd the Grace;  
 But once admitted to his Shrine,  
 That Love whom I eſteem'd Divine,  
 More terrible than *Molech* ſtood,  
 His Altars ſtain'd with Humane Blood.  
 The wounded Lover lives in Pain,  
 Lies neither *curable* nor *ſlain*,  
 Till his keen *Sword* ſheath'd in his Heart,  
 Compleat the Slaughter of the Dart.  
 Others to *quench* their *Calamity*,  
 Have tane a ſpeedy Courſe and ſure;

Whilst

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Whilst from some *Præcipice's* Brow,  
 They plung'd into the Floods below.  
 To Desarts others have retir'd,  
 And pensive there in Caves expir'd :  
 What Place, or Age, or Sex is free  
 From this Usurper's Tyranny?  
 The populous City he frequents,  
 And pitches in the Camp his *Tents*.  
 In Courts and Palaces he *Reigns*,  
 And proudest Monarchs wear his *Chains*.  
 Yet he that thus the *Scepter* awes,  
 Disdains not to impose his Laws  
 On *Cottages*, and there destroys  
 The *Nymphs* and *Shepherds* native Joys.  
 Their purer Air methinks shou'd be,  
 From *Love's* severe Contagion free ;  
 But all their Meads and Gardens bear  
 No Herb t' assuage this Feaver there!  
 Far from his Flock *Alexis* weeps,  
 Neglects to feed, and rarely sleeps;

His *once* sure Charm for ev'ry Grief,  
The *Pipe* affords him no Relief;  
Gasping at *Sylvia's* Feet he lies,  
Whilst she for scornful *Strephon* dies.

How wretched is the Lover's State,  
Prest on all sides with some hard Fate?  
His Hopes alike it will destroy,  
*Not to succeed, or to enjoy.*  
For if he lawlessly embrace,  
He's then *unhappy*, as he's *base*;  
And he that *honourably* loves,  
*Less wretched*, but not *happy* proves!  
To him that waits his Nuptial Day,  
The Hours pass lazily away;  
False Dreams of Bliss his Thoughts employ,  
Impatient therefore to *enjoy*,  
Rashly he bargains for a Wife,  
And with her *weds* the *Cares of Life*;  
But wrought to Expectations Height,  
His *fancy'd Bliss*es vanish strait:

For



For leapt into the *Marriage-bed*,  
 With *Briars* and *Thorns* he finds it spread,  
 Repents *too late*, and envies the *unwed*.

---

### *The Parting.*

**H**ere do I fix my Foot, and farewell Love!  
 I will no further move.

When first in *Error's* misty Night  
 I lost my self, and rov'd about;  
 This *Ignis-fatuum* found me out;  
 Before me roll'd with wanton Play,  
 And seem'd to bring me on my Way.

Rashly I follow'd the seducing Fire  
 Through briny Floods of *Tears*,  
 'Mongst thorny *Jealousies* and Fears,  
 O'er *Precipices* of *Despair*,  
 And where no Passage did appear,  
 Oft have I forc'd a *Path*; but now I tire.

What Glimpse was that which struck my Eye

From that *far-kindling* Sky?

Welcome bright Harbinger of *Day*;

By thee I know the Sun is on his way.

What *Desart's* this? — Alas! I fear I'm stray'd,

And after all my *Toil* and Fright

In this tempestuous Night,

By my officious *Guide* betray'd.

Oh! when shall I arrive at the Abode

Of happy Souls (since they that soonest strive

To reach that Stage are late e'er they arrive)

I, who am cumbred with so vast a Load

Of vain Desires, and have Alas!

So many weary Steps to pass

E'er I retrieve my *Strays*, and get into the *Road*.

On

*On an Old Miser that Hoarded His  
Treasure in a Steel Chest, and bu-  
ry'd it.*

**C**ANST thou in Dungeon smother up that *Pelf*  
That's dearer to thee than thy *self*?

Th' ill-treated Pris'ner is debarr'd the Sight  
Of its own cheerful Parent *light*.

In such strict Ward thy Gold thou dost retain,  
As *Pagans* did their *Idols* chain;

Lest some audacious Foe by Force should seize,  
Or charm away their *Deities*.

In vain from others Reach thou dost confine  
What is no less reserv'd form *Thine*!

So Merchants, rather than resign their Goods

To Pyrats, sink them in the *Floods*.  
Dull Miser, know, no part of all thy Gains

Falls to thy share, beside the *Pains*.

Dull wretched Ass, to starve beneath a Pack  
 Of Provender that *breaks* thy back,  
 Think not thou dost lik *Nature* to *Interr* .  
 Thy *Gold*, cause 'twas *Interr'd* by *Her* ;  
 The Cell which Nature gave it was a *Womb*,  
 To breed the *Oar* ; but thine it's *Tomb*.

---

### *The Vision.*

*Written in a dangerous Fit of Sickness.*

**D**issolv'd in Slumber by complaining Streams,  
 My Fancy labour'd with important Dreams :  
 Methought I was with Fury born away  
 Through dismal Vaults, whose Caverns did convey  
 To *Death's* sad Courts; the Brazen Gates I past,  
 Which on my Entrance were again made fast.  
 The dreadful Cell with Horror I survey'd,  
 For dead mens Bones in Heaps were round me laid,  
 And Skulls of largest size the Pavement made.

The

The Sun to this dark Mansion darts the Ray,  
But glim'ring Lamps make all the feeble Day.  
By their faint Light I search't the Cave around,  
And in each Nook amazing Objects found.  
Small *Tablets* hung by Threads on either Hand,  
By each a Glas that measur'd *Time* with Sand :  
In bloody Letters they the Name explain'd  
The Number of whose Years the Glas contain'd.  
Grim Fate stood by to watch the latest Grain,  
And cut the slender Thread of Life in twain.  
Then down the *Tablet* dropt to Streams below,  
That with swift Passage into *Lethe* flow.

While thus through secret Destiny I pry'd,  
My own Name on the suddain I descry'd :  
But Oh ! the Pangs and Agonies that rent  
My panting Breast to find my Glas near spent !  
The Tragick Scene begins (Forgive me Fate,  
That I reveal the Secrets of thy State.)  
Strait was I summon'd to receive my Doom ;  
For Death with horrid Grace approacht the Room,  
Array'd

Array'd Majestick in a mourning Robe,  
A *Dart* his *Scepter*, and a *Skull* his *Globe*.  
He sat, th' Attendants on his Person stood,  
All arm'd for Slaughter, and distain'd with Blood.  
Diseases next were plac't, a numerous Train,  
Producing each a Volumn of his slain.  
No sooner were my scatter'd Thoughts restor'd,  
But I with mental Pray'rs Heav'n's Aid implor'd;  
Then thus with hollow Voicethe Tyrant spoke——  
In vain, fond Youth, Heav'n Succour you invoke;  
Stand to the Bar, and hear th' Indictment read:  
For e'er thou dy'st, thou art allow'd to plead:  
Thy Charge is deep; but for thy self reply.  
Oh, I am guilty, and deserve to Dye!  
My Years in Vanity's Pursuit I spent,  
Too oft transgress'd, too rarely did repent:  
Some Vices (Heav'n assisting) I suppress'd,  
And lasting War proclaim'd with all the rest;  
But in the Combat oft drew back and fled,  
By Passions oft surpriz'd, and Captive led.

But

But are this Courts Proceedings so severe,  
That Youth can challenge no Indulgence here?  
For if my Life to riper Years had mov'd,  
Perhaps my Skill and Courage had improv'd.  
Mortal thy Doom already is decreed,  
(*The Judge reply'd*) and Sentence must proceed.  
This Court's Records with Instances abound  
Of younger Brows than thine with Conquest crown'd;  
Approach, ye Ministers of Fate, and bear  
Th' Offender hence to Regions of Despair;  
In Liquid Flames of Sulphur let him roul,  
In sharpest Torments of a Hell-wreckt Soul.  
Thus let him howl Eternity away,  
Ever in Flames, yet never more see Day.  
Confusion now my tortur'd Bosom fill'd;  
Cold Sweat from all my lifeless Joynts distill'd,  
A Guard of *Demons* at the Tyrant's Call,  
With hideous Yellings rusht into the Hall,  
Monstrous of Shape, of Size prodigious tall.  
In this Distress behold a Heav'nly Ray,  
Around me did his chearful Light display.

The

The Lamps grew pale, and shrunk into their Case,  
The frighted *Demons* vanish from the Place ;  
The haughty Tyrant's Self confus'd appear'd;  
A rattling Noise amongst the Bones was heard,  
As summon'd to the Universal Doom,  
They jostled with each other in their Tomb.  
Not daring yet to hope Relief, I spy'd  
My Guardian Angel smiling by my Side:  
A silent Joy through all my Vitals ran ;  
Whilst thus in charming Language he began,  
Rejoyce my Charge, for from Heav'n's Court I come  
With gracious Orders to revoke thy Doom.  
Thy Sun is set, thy Life-glass almost run,  
Thy Vertue's Race imperfectly begun.  
Yet in Compassion to thy sickly pace,  
My Wing shall bear thee to the distant Place.  
To Heav'n and him my humblest Thanks I paid,  
And beg'd to be to those glad Seats convey'd ;  
But first admit the Lot of all Mankind,  
And leave (*said he*) that Load of Earth behind ;

Pris'ners



Pris'ner's absolv'd, less gladly quit their Chain  
Than I this *Flesh* that did my Soul detain.  
But when her self unmantled, she survey'd  
Leptous and foul by Sin's Contagion made ;  
She blusht, and sought to cover her Disgrace,  
Retreating back to her forsaken Case.  
The Guardian Spirit her fond Attempt withstood,  
And straight with Hyslop dipt in Sacred Blood,  
Baptiz'd her ; and behold, whilst I enquir'd,  
The Ceremonie's Drift, I grew inspir'd  
With mental Joys, and now descry'd no more  
Those Blemishes that stain'd my Soul before:  
Thought of *New Worlds* my mind had so ingross'd,  
That all Reflection on the *Old* it lost :  
That *Body* too (which once I fondly thought  
Cou'd never be from my Remembrance wrought)  
Had now quite 'scapt my Mem'ry, till I spy'd  
The pale and lifeless Engine by my Side,

Bless

Bless me (said I) what ghastly thing lies there?  
 Was this the Mansion where so many a Year  
 I lingred 'twixt successive Hope and Fear?  
 Was this the thing I took such Care t' improve,  
 Taught it to cringe, and in just measures move?  
 The thing that lately did in Business sweat,  
 That talkt so much of being Rich and Great!  
 That fought with Verse to make its *Love* renown'd,  
 And hop'd e'er long to see its Passion Crown'd;  
 Behold where the designing Engine lies,  
 Prey to those Insects it did once despise.  
 Suppose that Body now lay cover'd o'er  
 In Perfumes brought from *Orris* Spicie Shore;  
 What courteous Female wou'd vouchsafe the Grace  
 To curl those Locks, or kiss that ghastly Face?  
 Why is the Corps so long detain'd from Ground;  
 'Tis more than Time those Hands and Feet were  
 (bound-

Haste

Haste, let the Fun'ral Peal be rung aloud,  
In Winding-Sheets th' offensive Carcass throw'd  
And in some Nook the useless Lumber crowd.

Insulting thus I spake, and more had said;  
But was by my Assistant-Angel stay'd;  
My Charge, said he, (these gloomy shades withdrawn)  
Behold of Everlasting Day the Dawn:

At Entrance to th' *Elysian* Land (a Grace  
Conferr'd on Souls when they arrive the Place)  
The happy Throng are met to welcome thee  
To their fair World of *Immortality*.

He said, and straight his threatening Wand up-heav'd,  
The Neighb'ring Walls obey'd the Stroke, and cleav'd;  
With such a Pow'rful Blow the *Hebrew* Guide  
Prevail'd, and forc't his Passage through the Tide;  
The Waters there congeal'd, and stood in Walls,  
The Building here like *breaking Water* falls:

But now the parting Scene brought Heav'n in view,  
When (Fatal Chance!) my charming Dream with-  
(drew.

The

The grateful Slumber from my Temples fell ;  
 I view'd the Grove around, and thought it *Hell* ;  
 Aloud I call'd my Guide, obligingly  
 The Ecchoing Rocks a while kept up the Cry ;  
 But the false Vision fled without Reply.

---

## O D E.

*To my Ingenious Friend, Mr. Flatman.*

**A**S when the fam'd Artificer of Greece,  
 With wondrous Art, but ill Success  
 Contriv'd his own, and captiv'd Son's Escape,  
 By Wings which he by inspir'd Craft did shape:  
 He taught the Youth how safely he might glide,  
 And keep a Mean betwixt the Sun and Tide:  
 So you (*Learn'd Friend*) with equal Art  
 To me the *Wings of Poesie* impart ;

Before me through the spacious *Sphere*

A steady wondrous Course you steer,

Shun

Shun all Extreams, while I unfortunate,  
 Like *Icarus* die, but with less glorious Fate!  
 He *soaring* fell, I *flag* below,  
 Where with damp Wings disabled to pursue,  
 I yield my self for lost, and plunging down  
 In deep *Oblivion* drown.

---

### *The Banquet.*

D Ispatch, and to the Myrtle-Grove convey  
 What e're with Nature's Pallat suits,  
 The *Dayrie's* store with Sallads, Roots and Fruits;  
 I mean to play the *Epicure* to day!  
 Let nought be wanting to compleat  
 Our *Bloodless* Treat;  
 But *bloodless* let it be; for 'tis decreed  
 The *Grape* alone for this Repast shall bleed.  
 But *Love* be first expell'd the Company,  
 With unmixt Wine our Mirth as pure and free,  
 From Thoughts of any scornful little She.

Come Sirs, a whetting Glaſs, and do not ſpare,

By *Jove* delicious Fare !

Speak Friends, was ever Monarch's Table ſtor'd

Like this our Rural Board,

Where, with the Bleſſings of the Field, is ſent

The Diet of the Gods, *Content*.

### *The Match.*

**B**Y what wild Frenzy was I led,  
That with a *Muſe* I muſt needs wed ?

Whoſe *Dow'r* conſiſts of empty Fame,

The ſhort Poſſeſſion of a Name !

Yet with that Trouble and Debate

The owner holds this poor Eſtate ;

Where after long Expenſe and Toil

He *ſtarves* on the ungrateful Soil.

The Fields and Groves which Poets feign

The curious Fancy entertain,

But

But yields no timely Grain or Fruit,  
The craving Stomach to recruit,  
With thirsty Tongue the Rhymer sings  
Of Nectar and Celestial Springs.  
And such I fear the Faery Ground  
Of our *Elysium* will be found.  
A meer *Fools Paradise*, and fit  
For such as will be Men of *Wit*.

---

*The Disconsolate.*

**M**Y lab'ring Soul no longer can sustain;  
But sinks beneath th' encreasing Pain:  
I wish, contrive, attempt and rage in vain!  
Down by these falling Springs I'll lay  
My weary Limbs, and sigh my troubled Soul away!  
To these lone Fields my Griets I will impart,  
Oh my distracted Head! Oh my afflicted Heart!  
But stay, why shou'd I mournfully recite  
My Grievances, to fright

The feather'd Poets of these Streams ?  
 To interrupt their Mirth and Peace,  
 Whilst *Philomel* her long-lov'd Song shall cease,  
 And from my Sorrows learn more *Tragick Themes*!  
 No! No! I will conceal my weighty Ills,  
 Seal up my Lips, nor loose them ev'n to pray;  
 But all my Complaints in *Mental Prayers* convey,  
 That shall to Heav'n as *silent* rise, as *Dew* from thence  
 (distills.

## I L.

Dream I? Or is't a real Prodigy?  
 Behold a Breach in that unclouded Skie:  
 The Azure Curtains are drawn wide,  
 And to my wondring Eyes disclose  
*Elysian* Lands, where happy Souls reside:  
 See where the Spring of Pleasure flows,  
 On whose fair Banks the Blest take soft Repose:  
 Free from Thought of Misery  
 They sing, and smile, and rove,  
 And feast on Joys in ev'ry Grove;  
 Their Paradise has no Forbidden Tree.



---

*Sliding on Skates in a hard Frost.*

**H**OW well these frozen Floods now represent  
Those *Chryſtal Waters* of the Firmament!  
Tho' *Hurricanes* ſhou'd rage, they cou'd not now  
So much as curl the ſolid Water's Brow;  
Proud Fleets, whoſe ſtubborn Cables ſcarce withſtood  
The Fury of the late tempeſtuous Flood,  
In watry Ligaments are now reſtrain'd,  
More faſt than when in binding Ooze detain'd.  
But tho' their Service does at preſent fail,  
Our ſelves without the aid of Tide or Gale,  
On Keels of poliſht Steel ſecurely ſail:  
From ev'ry Creek to ev'ry Point we rove,  
And in our lawleſs Paſſage ſwifter move  
Than Fiſh beneath us, or than Fowl above.

*Stephon's Complaint on quitting his Retirement.*

I.

**B**usiness! — Oh stay till I recover Breath,  
The dreadful Word puts all my Sense to flight;  
Business to me sounds terrible as Death;

As Death to Lovers on their Bridal Night.

Free as Air, but more Serene

The Course of my past Life has been;

But I, uncustom'd to the Yoke, must now

In stubborn Harness Toil at the dull Plow.

II.

Then farewell Happiness, sweet Peace, farewell!

You come not where poor *Stephon* must reside,

For you, like *Halcyons* on calm Waters dwell;

But Business is a rough and troubled Tide:

Few Suns have past since I was blest,

Of God-like Liberty posselt;

But

But now Employment's Slave without Repose,  
And Ghost-like hurry'd where my *Demon* goes.

III.

But Business to Preferment will direct,  
And 'tis ev'n necessary to be Great.  
Ah! have I then no more than *this* I expect?  
My stinted Hopes will starve on such thin Meat.  
Impertinents! *Content* I crave,  
And wildly you of Greatness rave!  
If Life's at best a tedious rugged Road,  
What must it be with State's encumbering Load?

IV.

Condemn'd to Town, Noise and Impertinence,  
Where *Mode* and *Ceremony* I must view!  
Yet were the Sight all, *Strepson* cou'd dispense;  
But he must there be *Ceremonious* too.  
I fear my Rural Soul's too plain,  
To learn the Town's dissembling Strain;  
For whilst I practice the sly Courtier's Art,  
I shall forget my self, and speak my Heart.

## V.

When first the dismal Tidings I receiv'd,  
 That I must bid my peaceful Shades adieu ;  
 Scarce was I by my Fellow-Swains believ'd,  
 Till streaming Tears prov'd my sad Story true.  
 Then pensive they my Doom resent,  
 As 'twere to Death or Banishment ;  
 But Oh my *Penalties*'s tender moan  
 Surpass her Sexes Kindness, and her own.

## V I.

Thus spake she, with a forc't Frown on her Brow,  
 Will you be gone? False *Stephen*, will you go?  
 Then go thy way ; go, for I hate thee now!  
 But tell me, are you serious, Swain, or no?  
 This is some jealous Trick, to prove  
 The Truth of my too tender Love :  
 But whilst of mine this feign'd Suspect is shown,  
 You wou'd suggest that you've renounc'd your own.

VII. Thy

## VII.

Thy Love, chaste *Nymph*, deep in my Breast I laid,  
 When first the precious Pledge I did receive;  
 Nor have I thence the sacred Store convey'd;  
 Here / break the Cabinet, and you'll believe  
 You'll see with what a bleeding Heart,  
 From these dear Shades, and thee I part;  
 But cruel Fate—— then on her Virgin Breast  
 I lean'd my drooping Head, and wept *the rest*.

## VIII.

Oh Floods and Groves beneath whose sacred Shade  
 I sat as happy as first Mortals were;  
 For when Distractions did my Breast invade,  
 Some skillful Shepherd's Song redrest my Care;  
 But 'bove the Flights of other Swains,  
 I priz'd my *Astragon's* soft Strains:  
 For ( *Turtle-like* ) my pensive *Astragon*  
 Is sweetly sad, and charming in his *Moon*.

*The Gold-bater.*

**W**ELL, I perceive the *Antipathy*  
 Is mutual now 'twixt *Gold* and *Me*;  
 For that flies me as fast as I  
 The false pernicious Metal fly.  
 So wild a *Prey* why shoud I trace,  
 That yields no Pleasure in the *Chase*?  
 A *Prey* that must with *Toil* be fought,  
 And which I prize not when 'tis caught.  
*Gold* I condemn when rude in *Oar*;  
 But in a *Crown* despise it more.  
 No *Crown* can any *Temples* fit  
 So well, but 'twill uneasy sit.  
 By an *Eternal Law* of *Fate*,  
 Vexations still attend on *State*;  
 Insep'able by *Humane Art*,  
 A *Crown'd Head*, and an *aking Heart*.

*The*

*The Mistake.*

**D**ULL Mortals with the same prepos't'rous Breath  
 We bless *Love's Darts*, and curse the Shafts of  
 (Death-

The Author of our Ills, a God we stile;  
 But the Redresser of those Wrongs revile,  
 Yet gentle *Death*, (tho rudely treated) still  
 Persists in generous Charity to kill,  
 And cure th' ingrateful ev'n against their Will!  
 Ah, should he once in just Resentment give  
 Our Wishes, and permit us ever live;  
 What shou'd we do when *Soul* and *Body* jar,  
 And loath each other like an ill-wed Pair?  
 But friendly *Death* absolyes us from this Curse,  
 And when the Parties *clash*, makes a *Divorce*.

Disap-



*Disappointed.*

**L**  
**F**rom Clime to Clime with restless Toyl we Roam,  
 But sadly still our old Griefs we retain,  
 And with us bear beyond the spacious Main  
 The same unquiet *selfes* we brought from Home!

Can *Nature's* plenteous Board  
 Spread wide from Pole to Pole,  
 Sufficient Treats afford,  
 To satisfy our *craving* Soul?  
 Produce what Wealth the Sea contains,  
 Or sleeps in *Indian* Veins,  
 Th' insatiate Mind will gorge the Store,  
 And call for more.

**II.**

The Food of Angels of immortal kind,  
 Can only feast the Hunger of the Mind.

To



To those bright Seats let me aspire,  
 Where solid Joys remain,  
 So firm they can sustain,  
 And stand the full Career of *Chast Desire*.  
 Th' Enjoyments we pursue  
 So hotly here below,  
 Are charming *Daphnes* in the Chase,  
 And (*Daphne-like*) transforming, fool us in th' Em-  
 (brace)

Lib. 1. Epigr. CX.

De *Iffa Catellâ Publii*.

*Iffa* much to be preferr'd  
 To *Catullus* amorous Bird;  
 Chaster thou than *Stella's Dove*,  
 Yet fond as Girls when first they love.  
*Iffa* worth both *Indies Treasure*,  
*Iffa Publius's Life and Pleasure*.

*Iffa*

*Issa* mourns if he complain,  
*Issa* shares his Health and Pain,  
 All Night on his warm Neck she lies,  
 Not stir till He's dispos'd to rise :  
 Unless constrain'd by Natures call,  
 And then the cleanly Animal;  
 Still wakes him with her gentle Moan,  
 Entreating to be handed down.  
 But passing other Vertues by,  
 Such is *Issa's Modesty*,  
 She ne'er cou'd love, tho' daily woo'd  
 By *Shocks of Quality and Blood*.  
 But mindful of her Mortal State  
 (Form nor Vertue's free from Fate )  
 To countermand the rigid Law,  
*Publius* did her Picture draw,  
 Where Art with Nature so does strive,  
 You'd swear they're Pictures both, or both alive.

*The*

*The Confinement.*

OFT have I for m'd Ideas of Content;  
But by Experience knew not what it meant.  
At length I strove to Counter-plot my Stars,  
And free my Soul by some kind Charm from Cares  
Beneath a *Jessamine* Spade my Lute I strung,  
Where with diverting Airs I play'd and sung;  
The grateful sounds compos'd my Cares to sleep,  
And o'er me now they seem'd no Watch to keep.  
Thrice blest (said I) this long expected Hour,  
That frees me from my cruel Goaler's Pow'r.  
I fled, but soon was by the waking Guard  
Pursu'd, o'er-tane, and laid again in Ward.  
Since which Escape more hardly I am us'd,  
A Pris'ner's common Courtesies refus'd;  
Prest with more Chains, with stricter Guard detain'd,  
From Sleep, the vilest Slave's Relief, restrain'd.

On

*On Snow fall'n in Autumn, and dis-  
solv'd by the Sun.*

**N**ature now stript of all her Summer Dress,  
And modestly supposing 'twere unfit  
For each rude Eye to view her Nakedness,  
Around her bare Limbs wraps this snowy Sheet.

I I.

The wanton Sun the slender Shroud removes,  
T' embrace the naked Dame, whose fertile Womb  
Admits the lusty Paramour's warm Lover,  
And is made big with the fair Spring to come.

*Melan-*

---

*Melancholy.*

## I.

**M**alignant Honour, Poyson to my Blood!  
Bane of these Spirits that were wont to glide  
And sport within the Circling Tide;  
As Fish expire in an infected Flood.  
When all th' Horizon of my Soul is clear,  
And I suspect no Change of Weather near,  
Streight like a suddain Storm I find  
Thy black Fumes gath'ring in my Mind,  
Transforming all to *Egyptian* Darknes there;  
Darknes where nothing comes in sight  
But Flashes more amazing than the Night;  
And fiery Spectres through the troubled Air.

## II.

Sleep that in other Maladies brings Ease,  
Feeds and enrages this Disease;

For

For when my weary Lids I close,  
 And slumber, 'tis without Repose.  
 This Fury still into my Dreams will creep,  
 To hagg my tim'rous Fancy while I sleep;  
 Through Charnel Houses then I'm led,  
     Those gloomy Mansions of the dead,  
 Where pensive Ghosts by their lov'd Reliques stay,  
     And curse the Breaking Day.  
 Sometimes by cruel Foes pursu'd and tane;  
     Oft Ship-wreckt on the Main,  
     Beneath the Floods I seem to dive;  
 In *Sarra's* Desert oft engage  
     Some Savage Monster's Rage.  
 Or (*Typhon*-like) beneath a Mountain's Weight I strive!

## I I I.

Might I the Book of Fate peruse,  
 To read the Lot for me design'd,  
 I should perhaps auspicious find  
     Those Planets I accuse;  
 But whilst for Information I  
     Consult the false Astrology

Of

Of Melancholly Fear,

Dark and o'er-cast my future Days appear:  
 All possible Misfortunes while I dread,  
 I draw all possible Misfortunes on my Head;  
 Who seeks for Happiness with nicest Care  
 Must watch its Seasons, and frequent its Haunt.

Delight is a rich tender Plant  
 That springs not in all Soils, and all the Year:  
 'Tis like the Manna that in plenty lay,  
 If early sought, around  
 Each Hebrews Tent; but if till Heat of Day  
 Their Search they did delay,  
 Th' Ambrosial Food was no where to be found.



---

*On a Grave Sir, retiring to Write in  
Order to undeceive the World.*

SURELY of all well-meaning Fools thy Fate  
Is most deplorably unfortunate.

Hadst thou *Domitian*-like in catching Flies  
Employ'd thy Privacy, thou hadst been wise;  
For what shou'd hinder thee, but thou mayst catch  
As fast as he, and be the Emp'rour's Match?

But whilst thy solitary Hours are spent  
In scribbling tedious Systems, to prevent  
The Worlds Mistakes, its Follies to reform,  
Thou may'st as well pretend to lay a Storm.

Go, cut the *Caspian* Lake a Road to th' Ocean;

Contrive an Engine with perpetual Motion:

Make Politicians of the *Wappin*-Rout,

Jilts constant, Brokers honest, Bawds devout;

But prethee never fondly thus devise

To make this Hair-brain'd World grow staid and wise.

In



In Youth, or Prime, when likeliest to improve,  
 No Precepts this besotted World cou'd move;  
 And wilt thou at these Years begin to School  
 (Dull Moralist!) the crazy doating Fool?  
 Go, dreaming Stoick, once again retire;  
 And since the Name of Wise thou dost aspire,  
 To shew thy Judgment, set thy Works on Fire.

---

*On a deform'd Old Bawd, designing to  
 have her Picture drawn.*

## I.

**T**Hy Picture drawn, foul Beldame, Thine!

What Frenzy haunts thy mind,  
 And drives Thee on this vile Design,

T' affront all Woman-kind?

## II.

For whilst thy swarthy Cankard Face

Posterity shall view,

They'll loath the fairest of the Race,  
For sharing Sex with you.

## III.

To some forlorn Church-yard repair,  
And Haggard thou shalt see  
The fiercest Goblin will not dare  
To stand the Sight of thee.

## IV.

Those Ghosts that strike with Pannick-Fear  
The Breasts of stoutest Braves,  
At thy Approach will disappear,  
And Burrough in their Graves.

## V.

Fix thy Effigies on the Shield  
Of some bold Knight in Arms,  
Twill aid him more to win the Field,  
Than all his Lady's Charms.

*Advice*

---

*Advice to a Friend, publishing his  
Poems.*

**F**Orbear, my Friend, this rash Design t'engage  
An ignorant ill-natur'd Age;  
In vain your labour'd Numbers shall excell,  
Where Clinch and Dogril serve as well :  
For were the Poets Business but to please,  
There were no Task of greater Ease.  
Where *Midas* is the Judge, let none admire  
*Pan's* Pipe preferr'd to *Plautus* Lyre.  
The gawdy Painting takes the vulgar Sight,  
Whilst artful Pieces less delight.  
In vain is Nature represented well,  
Where, not the Workmanship, but Colours sell.  
Ev'n so, if popular you mean to be,  
'Faith spare your Pains, and write *extempore*.

---

*The Ignorant.*

**A**N Ignorant I am,  
And Glory in the Name.  
I know not what of yore  
The hot-brain'd wrangling Heroes did,  
Nor what the dreaming Sages said :  
I cannot run a List of Old Rome's Triumphs o'er.  
'Twas Knowledge first to Ruine led us on ;  
For with this mortal Itch possest  
The happy Pair transgress.  
Needs must they know ; they knew, and were undone !  
Then plodding Mortal cease  
To boast your dear bought Faculties :  
For since with Knowledge Sorrow must encrease,  
Let such as on those Terms can Science prize,  
Improve in Science ; but for me,  
So I may ignorant and happy be,

I'll ne'er repine, or look with envious Eyes,  
On the unhappy learn'd, and miserable wife.

---

*The Beldam's Song.*

**A**ppear, my *Kib-welkin*, dear Spirit appear  
In the Shape  
Of an Ape,  
A Fire-spitting Dragon, or Clump-footed Bear.  
*Madge* has whoopt me twice from her Ivy-bound Oak,  
And twice have I heard the dull Night-raven croak.  
Let me stride thee, my *Welkin*, and post it away  
E'er the Moon  
Reach her Noon:  
For the Night is the Way-ward Sisters Day.  
Through the Air let us take our fantastical Round,  
And sip of the Dew  
While 'tis new,  
E'er the Honey-drops fall to the Ground.

But

But when we are mounted, and in our Career,

Make neither Hault nor Stay ;

And to none give the way,

The *Hecat* her self should be rounding the Air.

For once I'll encounter,

And try to dismount her,

Pitch her Heels over Head, (stead.

To some Quag-mire below, and reign Queen in her

Bustle, bustle, my *Kib*, and be sure e'er we part,

Thou shalt suck at the Dugg that is next to my Heart.

### *The Inconstant.*

*A Paraphrase on the XV. Epod of Horace.*

Precisely I remember all, 'twas Night,

Calm Sky, and the Full Moon shone bright,

When first you swore that bleating Flocks shou'd feed

With Wolves, no other Keepers need ;

That boystrous Winds husht in Eternal Sleep,

Shou'd cease to revel on the Deep ;

You

You vow'd, that these, and Prodigies more strange  
Shou'd fall e'er your fixt Heart cou'd change.  
Yet (Woman-like) to your new Fav'rite now,  
Unswear as oft as you did vow!  
Ah! if I cou'd (and sure if half a Man,  
Or somewhat less than half, I can)  
Cou'd I in just Resentment quit your Chain,  
And with more Caution chuse again;  
Nymph, you'd repent my Wrongs, when flying Fame  
Shou'd publish to your Grief and Shame,  
How your wrong'd Swain had found a Nymph more  
And equal in her Charms to you. (true  
But treach'rous Rival, you that reap my Toils,  
And pride your self in my stol'n Spoils,  
The Time shall come (and to encrease your Fear,  
Know, Wretch, that fatal Time is near)  
When you shall perish by th' Inconstancy,  
Of her that first learn'd perjur'd Faith from thee;  
Whilst from the safe Shore your sad Wreck I see.

## *Of the Ape and the Fox.*

*A Paraphrase on one of the Centum Fabulæ.*

**T**O his four-footed Subjects through the Nation,  
 The King of Bruits thus issues Proclamation,  
 Being well informed we have incurr'd Disgrace  
 By harb'ring in our Realm a scandalous Race,  
 A Sect that have no Tails; these Presents are  
 Te'njoyn such Miscreants, All and singular,  
 Strait to depart our Land, or on demurr,  
 The Penalties of Treason to incurr.  
 Sly *Reynard* strait lifts out this State-Design,  
 Turns Goods and Chattels, All to ready Coyn.  
 The unprojecting Neighbour-hood Admire,  
 And Flock, th' Occasion of his March t'Enquire.  
 Where 'mongst the Rest the ceremonious *Ape*  
 Accosts him with *Grimace* and formal *Scrape*.

*Bon jour Monsieur!* You pass for a prime Witt;  
 But in this Project give small Proof of it.

We



We of the *Curtail'd-Tribe* by strict Command  
 Of our great *Cham* prepare to quit the Land ;  
 But why Sir shou'd you Budge, Whose Posterns bear  
 A Swashing Train well furr'd to guard your Rear ?  
 Had Nature lent me but an Inch of Dock,  
 A Tuft to shade, or Scutt to grace my Nock,  
 I shou'd Presume I had no Obligation,  
 From the late Act to take this Peregrination.

Then thus the *Fox* —— You've spoke an Oracle, !  
 Doubtless your Gravity reads *Machiavill*.  
 I must Confess I've no pretence to rail,  
 Or Curse my stars for stinting me in Tail ;  
 But grant my Train might with a *Commet's* measure,  
 Suppose withal that 'twere his Highness Pleasure  
 To say I've None? which if he once Assert,  
 Nere doubt but he has Sycophants will swear't ;  
 Thus charg'd, shou'd I attempt my own Defence,  
 (To give his Lawless Tyranny Pretence)  
 'Tis Odds but I am Dockt upon the Spott,  
 And then for want of Tail poor *Reynard* goes to Pot.

The

*The Round.*

**H**ow Vain a thing is Man whom Toyes Delight,  
And shadows Fright !

Variety of Impertinence  
Might give our Dotage some Pretence ;  
But to a Circle bound,  
We Toil in a dull *Round* :  
We sit, move, Eat and Drink,  
We Dress, Undress, Discourse and Think,  
By the same Passions hurri'd on,  
Imposing or Impos'd upon :  
We pass the time in Sport or Toil,  
We Plow the Seas or Safer Soil :  
Thus all that we Project and Do,  
We did it many a year agoe.  
We Travel still a beaten way,  
And yet how eager rise we to pursue  
Th'affairs

Th'affairs of each returning day,  
As if its Entertainments were all new.

---

*The Male-Content.*

**M**ongst winding Rocks (his swelling griefsto lay)  
The disappointed *Thirſts* took his way.

In whoſe Wild Clifts a nat'ral Uaut he found  
With Moſs and Ivy Cheaply deckt around.  
He ruſht into the Solitary Nook,  
Where into theſe Pathetick Sounds he broke.

Oh when will Nature take the life ſhe gave.  
And Lodge me free from Troubles in the Grave !  
Sleep there alone deſerves the Name of Reſt,  
No frightful Dreamsthe ſleep of Death moleſt.  
Whilſt ſhrouded in this marble Cell I Lye,  
What can be more Commodious than to Dye?  
Each Object Here wears ſuch a mournful Face,  
That Dying ſeems the Buſineſs of the Place !

Here

Here from the wrangling World I will Retire,  
 And as I Liv'd Unknown, Unknown Expire.  
 Then let that hanging Rock that shades my Head  
 Sink down, and shut this Vault when I am Dead :  
 Rude as it is, this Marble Cell wou'd save  
 Th' expensive Rites that formal Burials crave,  
 It ~~set~~ my Coffin, Monument and Grave.

---

*The Dream.*

**B**eneath the Syc'more Shade,  
*Amintas* ply'd his Tuneful Reed,  
 (His *Amaril* beside him laid)  
 The listning Ewes forgot to Feed.,  
 The sporting Lambs gave ore their Play,  
 And to their Masters Song attentive lay :  
 The Song as soft, and Innocent as They.  
 Mean while soft Slumbers did surprize,  
 The *Nymph's* more gentle Eyes.

'Till

'Till with a Sigh and suddain start

She woke and Cry'd—Heav'n save my Swain!

Are you not hurt—I will provide a Dart,

And if the Bruit approach again,

I'll drench it in the Savage Monster's Heart.

What means (*Amist* smiling said) This Rage?

I dreamt (said she) a ruthful Bear

Had broke into our Fold, and slaughter'd there;

And while you ran t' Engage

(Ah! why were you so Rash?) th' unequal Foe;

The Rav'nous Monster seiz'd on you!

At which my self between I threw,

And scarcely yet believe the Dream Untrue!

H

Amor

---

*Amor Sepulchralis.*

**I**N a Large stately Cave (of old the Court  
Of Rural Gods, as neighbouring Swains report)  
Interr'd the dear Remains of *Damon* lay,  
Converted now into their Native Clay.  
Each wishing Nymph the living Swain approv'd,  
The Shepherd fair *Emmoria* only Lov'd.  
Their mutual Passion's Kindling Flame was more  
Then ere inspir'd Consenting Hearts before ;  
But was with time Improv'd to that Degree,  
'Twas now no longer Love, but Extasie.  
Endearments such as Fate cou'd not divorce,  
Nor Death it self restrain their Entercourse.  
The Nymph to living Swains did still preferr  
Her *Damon's* Dust, and ev'n that Dust Lov'd Her.  
At *Damon's* Tomb the Chast *Emmoria* kept  
Perpetual Watch, and ore his Ashes wept ;

(Fit

(Fit emblem of her grief) a sprigg of *Yew*  
 She planted there, the Branch took Root and grew.  
 The Sun to this close Cell, no Beam cou'd guide.  
 No Rain or Dew the thirsting Leaves Supply'd;  
 Say then, from whence the Growth and Verdure came,  
 The Ashes still retain'd their Masters Flame.  
 Whose Am'rous Warmth the absent Sun Supplies,  
 And never-ceasing Showrs *Emmeria's* Eyes.  
 This Heat and Moisture kept the Plant alive,  
 And Tempering still each other, made it Thrive.

---

*The three First Verses of the 46th  
 Psalm Paraphras'd.*

L.

O Ur Strength, is the Omnipotent;  
 We cannot therefore condescend to Fear.  
 Tho danger in its gastliest shape appear;  
 Tho Mountains from their marble Roots were rent,

H 2

And

And Head-long to the Ocean hur'd,  
 Their violent Career might shake the World;  
 But our fix'd Feet shou'd keep their Ground,  
 Our Heads shou'd o'er-look the Floods where Hills  
 (lay drown'd.

I L

What tho the Sea whose most capacious Womb  
 Gave the subverted Hills a Tomb?

What tho' its raging Waters roar,

And swell in Mountains vast as those

Which their unfathom'd Depths had gorg'd be-  
 (fore ?

This most impertinently angry Main,

With its own Rocks fierce Combat may maintain,

But can no more our Passions discompose,

Than when some shallow Fountain we survey,

Contesting with each Pibble for its Way.

*The*



---

*The Mid-Night Thought.*

**N**OW that the twinkling Stars essay  
A faint Resemblance of the Day,  
Shewn fairer now for being set  
In Night (like Diamonds in Jett)  
Let me (repos'd within this Grove)  
The solemn Season once improve.  
Restless, Alas! from Sun to Sun,  
A Round of Business I have run:  
Whilst others slept, projecting lay,  
My Night as thoughtful as my Day;  
Yet thought not once to what Account  
All those Thinkings did amount!  
How long since I did meditate  
Of Life, of Death, and future State?  
Approaching Fate his Pace will keep,  
Let Mortals watch, or let them sleep.

What Sound is that?——a Passing Bell /

Then to Eternity farewell!

Poor Soul, whose Doom one Hour shall show  
Eternal Bliss, or endless Woe!

If Vertues Laws thou hast despis'd,

[ How wou'd that Vertue now be priz'd!

Or say, thou didst in our loose Age

On her forsaken Side engage;

Would'st thou the dear Remembrance now

For the Worlds Monarchy forgoe?

What other Medicine canst thou find

T' assuage the Fever in thy Mind?

Now, wakened Conscience, speaks at large,

And envious Fiends exhaunce the Charge!

Let the bold Atheist now draw near,

And try thy drooping Heart to chear:

His briskest Wine and Wit to thee

Will now alike insipid be.

In Death's Arrest the Hector's Sword

As little Service can afford;

Who

Who hopes for Rescue here, will fail,  
And the grim Serjeant takes no Bail.

---

*The Counter-Turn.*

**B**Ehold that Pile of Skulls; but chiefly there  
That Mossy Skull survey;  
Observe if the Sage Front does now dis-  
(play  
Plots, Projects, and Nocturnal Care.  
Methinks it shou'd; for once it did belong  
To one whose Policy cou'd shake a State,  
And trusted he cou'd baffle Fate.  
Who wou'd have sought that Head-piece in this  
Throng?  
He promis'd once that Skull a Crown.  
In lowest Earth he founded the Design,  
With Heav'n the tow'ring Roof did joyn;  
'Till with a suddain Storm of Fate o'erthrown,

The Fabrick fell on the Contriver's Head,  
And crusht th' aspiring Politician dead.

---

*The Voyagers.*

**W**Hilst stemming Life's uncertain Tide  
Toft on the Waves of Doubts and Fears,  
If to frail Reason's Conduct we confide

We strive in vain

The happy Port to gain;  
For, oft as clouded Reason disappears

We cannot fail to rove afar,  
Mistaking each false Meteor for our Star.

How dismal are the Perils we engage,

When (grown t' a Hurricane)

Our boist'rous Passions rouse the sleeping Main?

But Ah! how few have perisht by the Rage

Of Storms, if numbred with the daily Throng,

Whom Syren pleasures as they sail along

Seduce

Seduce to that dead Shore,  
Where they themselves saw others wreckt before.

*The Choice.*

**G**Rant me, indulgent Heav'n, a rural Seat,  
Rather contemptible than great ;  
Where though I taste Life's Sweets, still I may be  
Athirst for Immortality.

I wou'd have Business, but exempt from Strife ;

A private, but an active Life.

A Conscience bold, and punctual to his Charge ;

My Stock of Health, or Patience large.

Some Books I'd have, and some Acquaintance too ;

But very good, and very few.

Then (if one Mortal two such Grants may crave)

From silent Life I'd steal into my Grave.

---

*On Sight of some Martyrs Sepulchres.*

**H**ere lies Dust confusedly hurl'd;  
 But Dust that once shall judge the World!  
 Blest Saints, when Foes mistaken Rage  
 Releas'd your Spirits from their Cage,  
 But can no more our Passions discompose,  
 Th' ambitious Fire strove to convey  
 Your Souls on their triumphant way;  
 But wing'd with Glory they aspir'd,  
 And left the Flames behind them tir'd.

---

*Of Vice and Vertue.*

**L**et Vice no more in her full Train take pride,  
 Who follow Vertue chuse a suffering Side.  
 She's exil'd now, and 'tis not strange to see  
 Mean Souls desert afflicted Majesty:

But

But when just Heav'n (and sure that time draws on)  
Restores this Empress to her Starry Throne,  
With Crowns she will enrich her Loyal Few,  
Whilst Shame and Vengeance crush the Rebel Crew.

---

*To a Desponding Friend.*

**R**epine not, pensive Friend, to meet  
A Thorn and Sting in every Sweet;  
Think it not yours, or my hard Fate,  
But the fixt Lot of Humane State.  
Since then this Portion is assign'd  
By the Great Patron of Mankind,  
(Though ne'er so darkly understood)  
We shou'd presume the Method Good.  
Heav'n does its rendrest Care express,  
Conducting through a Wilderness,  
Left Sluggards we should take our Stand,  
And stop short of the promis'd Land.

*Dis-*

---

*Diffusion of an Aged Friend from leaving his Retirement.*

---

**I**N Life's unactive Wane your Shades forsake,  
And into th' World a Sally make!  
Deluded Friend, what Surfeit have you tane  
Of Bliss, that now you long for Pain?  
The Favourites of this hard World are few,  
And they have their Disasters too.  
What therefore must your Entertainment be  
That have profess'd Hostility?  
You have not learnt to flatter and caress  
The Great for faithless Promises :  
When disappointed, thankful to appear,  
And say, How much oblig'd you are!  
For Lucre you must practise every Wile;  
Defraud, and do it with a Smile.

Worldling



Worldlings with many Vices must be fraught,  
Which you, my Friend, were never taught.  
Well, you may roam, but soon return distressed,  
Wounded and maim'd to your Old Nest.

---

*Recovering from a Fit of Sickness.*

I.

**W**hen late the Fev'rish Malady  
With intermitted Rage,  
And certain Symptoms did preface  
My suddain Health, or Dissolution nigh:  
False World (said I) that steal'st my real Joys,  
And shufflest in their stead thy changeling Toys:  
Begone, I'll not be brib'd at any rate,  
To sell my coming Fate,  
And now resume that toilsome Task to live.  
I prize not Greatness, and I know  
(Were I thy Fav'rite, as I am thy Foe)  
What I affect thou never canst bestow.

Ed

I'd have Content; but that was never thine to give.

Remove that Taper from my Sight,

The useless and offensive Light,

Presents no grateful Object to my View:

Ev'n those fair Eyes that Planets once appear'd,

Whose Influence above the Stars I fear'd,

To my dim Sight have lost their Lustre too.

I I.

Thus musing as I lay, to my Bed-side

(Attir'd in all his Mourning Pride)

The King of Terrors came :

Awful his Looks, but not deform'd and grim ;

(He's no such Goblin as we fancy him)

Scarce we our selves so civiliz'd and tame!

Unknown the Doom assign'd me in this Change,

Tho justly I might fear Heav'n's worst Revenge;

Yet with my present Griefs redrest,

With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds possess'd,

Enflam'd with Thirst of Liberty,

Long lov'd, but ne'r enjoy'd by me,

I sh'd for Leave the fatal Gulf to pass:  
 My vital Sand is almost run,  
 And Death (said I) will strike anon;  
 Then to dull Life I bid a long Farewell;  
 And stretch for flight—— But as the last Grains fell,  
 Death fail'd my flatter'd Hopes, and turn'd the Glass.

*The Challenge.*

**Y**E Sages that pretend  
 In Science to transcend  
 The dull illit'rate Crowd;  
 You that of Ignorance impeach,  
 (E'er your Pretences be allow'd)  
 Define that Prudence which you teach:  
 I fear 'tis much above your learned Reach.  
 Prudence has no fixt Being; but depends  
 On Person, Time and Chance,  
 And every petty Circumstance.

*Actions*

Actions directed to the self-same Ends,

May prudent one, the other faulty be

For what would prove discreet in thee

Perhaps were wild Extravagance in me.

The Ants are wise, that from their Summer Hoard

Supply their Winter Board;

And doubtless full as wise as they

The Grasshoppers that play,

And revell all their Harvest Days away:

For 'twere in them a senseless Drudgery

To toil for a Supply

In Winter's Dearth, that must e'er Winter die.

The

*The Cure.*

## A D I A L O G U E,

*Clains and Coridon.**Clains.*

Come *Coridon*, sit by me, gentle Swain;  
 Thy Check is pale, speak Shepherd, where,  
 (thy Pain?)

*Cor.*

Say, *Clains*, Priest of our Great Pan (for you  
 The utmost Bounds of Humane Science know)  
 Is Physicks Power to Bodies Use confin'd?  
 Have you no Medicine for a troubled Mind?

*Clains.*

Yes, For as Balsoms raging Pains appease,  
 Sage Counsels to distemper'd Souls give Ease,  
 Ev'n Love is no incurable Disease.

I

Ha

Ha Swain ! What meant that suddain Blush and Start ?  
Have I guess right, and toucht the tender Part ?

*Cor.*

I wou'd conceal't, but have not learnt to feign——  
You guess, and while you nam'd it, wak'd my Pain.

*Claims.*

Then to the Cure we'll take the safest Course,  
And trace the Malady to its first Source.

*Cor.*

When from severer Business I withdrew,  
Twixt Love and me a fatal Friendship grew.  
With my Hearts Blood our Covenant we Seal'd  
A solemn Contract ne'er to be repeal'd.  
Then all Delights young Sorcerers enjoy,  
A while did my deluded Soul employ.  
Love fed my waking Thoughts with glorious Theams,  
And blest my slumbers with transporting Dreams.  
When at an awful distance I survey'd  
My Nymph, transported, to my self I said,

Ab

Ah charming Fair! O excellent Divine!

Whilst Love in Whispers answer'd--Swain she's thine,

*Claim.*

Why therefore, Shepherd, are you not possist?

*Cor.*

Force not th' unwilling Secret from my Breast;

Let it suffice that on a Barren Soil

I've lost of many Years th' Expence and Toil.

*Claim.*

Do's the false Nymph——

The Wages you so dearly earn'd, refuse?

*Cor.*

My self I cannot, will not her accuse.

But my Relief must from your Counsels rise:

Examine not, good *Claims*, but advise:

Bring your best Art (for 'twill your best require)

T' unspell my Soul from Love's tormenting Fire.

*Claim.*

Call Reason to your Aid, you'll put to flight

The Foe not to be quell'd by other Might.

Of happiest Love's Delights sum up th' account,  
And learn to what the Total will amount :  
Then in the Ballance Love's Vexations weigh,  
How certain these, and how uncertain they.  
Such sordid Joys, and of delight so nice,  
That Female Coyness only gives them Price.  
There are that from large Dow'rs derive their Flame,  
And these in full Career pursue their Game :  
They wreck their Wits the Golden Prize to gain ;  
But dream not how that Gold is wrought into a Chain.

*Cor.*

When late the false Suggestions I obey'd,  
'Twas in pursuit of Happiness I stray'd.

*Claim.*

Mistake not Swain, I would not quench your Flame,  
But fly your Passion at a nobler Game.  
Wave sensual Joys; and with a Flame refin'd  
Court those Diviner Pleasures of the Mind.  
To sacred Vertue next make your Address;  
Confess you've no Regard of Happiness;

Or



Or live henceforth of Vertue's Service proud,  
The brightest Beauty, and the best endow'd.  
She'll guard your Youth from Passions baneful Rage,  
With peaceful Thoughts divert the Pains of Age.  
But then in largest Streams her Blessings flow,  
When Love, grown Bankrupt, can no more bestow.  
When rig'rous Death shall check your circling Blood,  
And Life expire within the frozen Flood,  
Your mourning Nymph, at large may tell her Grief,  
But to your restless Soul give no Relief:  
'Twill lurk a pensive Ghost in Caves all day,  
And to its Reliques Mid-night Visits pay.  
But pious Souls by Death are Gainers made,  
By Vertue to th' *Elysian* Seats convey'd;  
There Mirth, and Peace, and softest Transports reign,  
Delights refin'd from all Allays of Pain.  
If Love can bless beyond these Heights, return  
To drag his Chain, and in his Fever burn:  
Take leave of God-like Immortality,  
Chide my officious Zeal to set you free,

And court the Frowns of some imperious she.

*Cor.*

Destroy not thus your gen'rous Courtesies  
By this unfriendly, and unjust Surmise;  
Heav'n sends me Freedom, and to sell the Pledge,  
Must brand me with the foulest Sacrilege.  
'Gainst Love and Beauty I'll maintain the Fort,  
And fix a Guard of Vertues in my Heart.

*Claim.*

If Beauty's Force too rashly you despise,  
'Tis odds, but you are ruin'd by Surprize.  
Wou'd you live free from Female Tyranny?  
Ne'r partly with the tempting Sex, but fly.  
Their very Tears are Fewel to Desire,  
And with their Sighs they'll fan th' expiring Fire.  
Their Mirth, and Grief, their Kindness and Disdain  
Are fatal all, and work poor Shepherds Pain!  
Nature and Art conspire to arm the fair;  
For in the charming, all things charming are;  
Their Glances Darts, and ev'ry Curl a Snare.

*The*

*The Hurricane.*

**W**hat cheer my Mates? Luff ho!—We toll in vain!  
That Northern Mist fore-bodes a Hurricane.  
See how th' expecting Ocean raves,  
The Billows roar before the Fray.  
Untimely Night devours the Day;  
I th' dead Eclipse we nought descry,  
But Lightnings wild Caprices in the Sky,  
And Scaly Monsters sparkling through the Waves;  
Ply, each a Hand, and furl your Sails.  
Port, hard, a'port——The Tackle fails.  
Sound ho!——Five Fathom and the most.  
A dangerous Shelf! sh'as struck, and we are lost.  
Speak in the Hold——she leaks amain——give ore;  
The crazy Boat can work no more.  
She draws apace, and we approach no Shore.

A Ring, my Mates, let's joyn a Ring, and so  
 Beneath the Deep embracing go.  
 Now to new Worlds we steer, and quickly shall arrive:  
 Our Spirits shall mount, as fast as our dull Corpses dive.

---

*The Grateful Shepberd.*

**W**Hilst by his grazing Flock a gentle Swain,  
 His vacant Hours to entertain,  
 Perus'd a Volume, where each Tragick Page  
 Discours'd of some Intrigue of State,  
 Of Rebel Insolence and Rage,  
 And some unhappy Monarch's Fate:  
 The Youth in these transported Sounds brake forth,  
 What Vertue of my Ancestors  
 So much oblig'd you, most indulgent Pow'rs,  
 That in these silent Shades you gave me Birth?  
 You might have made me Fortune's Sport,  
 Doom'd me to some corrupted Court,

Where

Where I this rural Bliss had never known;  
My Cottage might have been a Throne,  
My Crook a Scepter, and my Wreath a Crown:  
Some Tyrant-Prince I might have been,  
(By your Indulgence now a peaceful Swain)  
My *Chloris* some proud cruel Queen,  
The tendrest Nymph of our *Arcadian* Plain.

---

*On the Assembling of a New Parliament  
the 6th. of March, 1682.*

**B**Reak, Sacred Morn, on our expecting Isle,  
And make our *Albion's* fullen Genius smile,  
His brightest Glories let the Sun display;  
He rose not with a more important Day  
Since *Charles* return'd on his triumphant Way.  
A joyful Bridegroom then our Eyes he drew,  
And now seems wedded to his Realms anew.  
Methinks our Fears already are o'erblown,  
And on our En'mies Coast the Terror thrown.

You

You ancient Bards that *Britain's* Glory wrote,  
As warmly as our *British* Heroes fought,  
Be still assisting to your Countrey's Fame,  
And in my daring Song revive your Flame.  
Now I behold the bright Assembly plac'd,  
And with our Monarch's Sacred Presence grac't;  
Transported with a Vision so sublime,  
My Thoughts review the Infant-Pride of Time :  
I think how at the new Creation sat  
Th' Eternal Monarch in his Heav'n's fresh State ;  
The Stars yet wondring at each others Fires,  
And all the Sons of Glory rankt in Quires.

As various Streams from distant Regions fall,  
And in the Deep their Gen'ral Council call,  
Conveying thence Supplies to every Source,  
And fail not to maintain the rowling Course ;  
Our Senate thus from every Quarter met,  
And with our Peers in awful Council set,  
Dispence their Influence to each Province round,  
And in our Isle no Barren Spot is found.

Justice

Justice as plenteous as our *Thames* shall flow;  
In Peace the Sailer steer, and Peasant plow.  
Our Publick Safe from Foreign Wrongs shall be,  
And private Rights from Home-Oppressors free.

Proceed, brave Worthies then, to your Debates,  
Not to decree alone our private Fates;  
But to judge Kingdoms, and dispose of States.  
From you their Rise, or Downfal they assume,  
Expecting from our Capitol their Doom:  
You form their Peace and War, as you approve,  
They joyn in Leagues, or to fierce Battel move.

And tho the Pride of *France* has swell'd so high,  
A warlike Empire's Forces to defie,  
To crush united States confed'rate Power,  
And silence the loud *Belgian* Lion's Roar;  
Yet let their Troops in silent Triumph come  
From conquer'd Fields, and steal their Trophies home,  
Take care their Canon at just distance roar;  
Nor with too near a Volley rouse our Shore,

Left

Lest our disdain'g Islanders advance,  
With Courage taught long since to conquer *France*;  
Seizing at once their Spoils of many a year,  
And cheaply win what they oft bought too dear.  
Their late Success but juster Fears affords;  
For they are now grown worthy of our Swords:  
Howe'er 't must be confess'd, the *Gallick* Pow'rs  
Can ne'er engage on equal Terms with ours:  
In Nature we have Odds; they dread, we scorn;  
The *English* o'er the *French* are Conquerers born.  
The Terror still of our Third *Edward's* Name,  
Rebukes their Pride, and checks their tow'ring Fame.  
Nor can the Tide of many rowling Years  
Wash the stain'd Fields of *Cressy* and *Poitiers*.  
A conscious Terror strikes their Bosoms still,  
When they behold that famous fatal Hill,  
Where *Edward* with his Host Spectator stood,  
And left the Prince to make the Conquest good.  
The Eagle thus from her fledg'd Young withdraws,  
Each Bird a Match for Troops of Kites and Daws.



Nor has the black Remembrance left their Breast,  
 When our Fifth *Harry* to their *Paris* prest ;  
 While *France* wept Blood for their hot Dauphin's  
 (Jest.

Such was the Vertue of our Ancestours,  
 And such on due Resentment shall be ours :  
 Our remper'd Valor just Pretence requires,  
 As Flints are struck before they show their Fires.

---

*The Despair.*

I

R Etir'd from any Mortal's Sight  
 The pensive *Damon* lay ;  
 He blest the discontented Night,  
 And curst the smiling Day.

I I.

The tender Sharers of his Pain,  
 His Flocks forbore to graze ;

But

But sadly fixt around the Swain,

Like silent Mourners gaze.

## I I I.

He heard the Musick of the Wood,

And with a Sigh reply'd;

He saw the Fish sport in the Flood,

And wept a deeper Tide.

## I V.

In vain the Summer's Bloom came on;

For still the drooping Swain

Like *Autumn* Winds was heard to groan,

Out-wept the Winter's Rain.

## V.

Some Ease, said he, some Respite give.

Why, cruel Pow'rs, Ah! why

Am I too much distress'd to live,

And yet forbid to die?

## V I.

Such Accents from the Shepherd flew,

Whilst on the Ground he lay;

At last so deep a Sigh he drew,  
As bore his Life away.

---

M E D E A  
T O  
J A S O N.

---

THE ARGUMENT.

*Jason arrives with his Companions at Colchos, where the Golden Fleece was kept, which before he can obtain, he is to undertake several Adventures; first, to yoke the Wild Bulls, then to sow the Serpent's Teeth, from whence should instantly rise an Army, with which he must encounter; and lastly, to make his Passage by the Dragon that never slept. In order to this, he solicits Medea Daughter to the King, and skilfull in Charms, by whose Assistance (on Promise of love) he gains the Prize; then flies with her: The King pursues them: Medea kills her little Brother, scatters his Limbs; and whilst the King stays to gather them up, escapes with her*

*her Lover into Thessaly, where she restores decrepit Æson to his Youth. On the same Promise persuades Pelias his Daughters to let out their Fathers blood; but deceitfully leaves them guilty of Parricide. For this and other Crimes Jason casts her off, marries Creusa, Daughter to Creon, King of Corinth, on which the enrag'd Medea, according to the various Transports of her Passion, writes this complaining, soothing, and menacing Epistle.*

**Y**ET I found leisure, though a Queen, to free  
 By Magick Artsthy Grecian Friends and thee;  
 The Fates shou'd then have finish'd with my Reign,  
 The Life that since was one continued Pain.  
 Who wou'd have dreamt the Youth of distant Greece,  
 Shou'd e'er have sail'd to seize the *Phrygian* Fleet!  
 That th' *Argo* shou'd in view of *Calchos* ride!  
 A *Grecian* Army stem the *Phasian* Tide!  
 Why were those Snares, thy Locks, so tempting made!  
 A Tongue so false, so pow'rful to persuade!  
 No doubt but he that had so rashly sought  
 Our Shore, with the fierce Bulls unspell'd had fought,  
 And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had sown,  
 Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'erthrown.

How

How many Frauds had then expir'd with Thee !

As many killing griefs remov'd from me !

'Tis some Relief when ill returns are made,

With Favours done, th' Ingrateful to upbraid ;

This Triumph will afford some little Ease,

Falſe *Jaſon* leaves me this——

When firſt your doubtful Veſſel reacht our Port,  
And you had Entrance to my Fathers Court :

There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,  
My Royal Father might with her's compare.

With Princely Pomp was your arrival grac'd,  
The meanest *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.

Then firſt I gaz'd my Liberty away !

And date my Ruin from that fatal day !

Fate puſht me on, and with your Charms combin'd ;  
I view'd your ſparkling Eyes 'till I was blind.

You ſoon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide  
A flame that by its own Light is deſcry'd ?

But now thy Task's propos'd, and thou muſt tame  
The Bulls with brazen Hoofs, and Breath of Flame.

K

With

With these the fatal Field thou art to Plow,  
 From whence a sudden Host of Foes must grow.  
 Those dangers past, still to the golden Prey  
 The baleful fiery Dragon guards the way.  
 Thus spake the King ; your Knights start from the  
 Feast,

And ev'n your cheeks a pale despair confess.  
 Where then was your ador'd *Crensa's* Dow'r?  
 And where her Fathers *Creon's* boasted Pow'r?  
 Sad went'st thou forth ; my pitying Eyes pursue,  
 I sigh'd, and after sent a soft Adieu !  
 In restless Tears I spent that tedious night,  
 Presenting still thy dangers to my sight ;  
 The Savage Bulls and the more Savage Host,  
 But the dire Serpent did affright me most !  
 Thus tost with Fear and Love, ( Fear swell'd the  
 [Flame)

My Sister early to my Apartment came ;  
 Sad and dejected she surpriz'd me There,  
 With Eyes distilling and dishevelled Hair,

On

On your behalf she fought me, nor cou'd crave  
My Aid for you, so freely as I gave!

A Grove there is, and awful gloomy shade,  
Too close for ev'n the Sun himself t' invade;  
These Woods with great *Diana's* Fane we grac'd,  
I'th' midst the Goddess on high Tripods plac'd.  
There (if that place you can remember yet,  
Who have forgotton Me) 'twas there we met.  
Then thus in soft deluding sounds you said—

"Take pity on our sufferings, Royal Maid!  
"Rest pleas'd, Thou hast the Pow'r to kill; but give  
"Proofs of Diviner might, and make us Live!  
"By our distresses (which thy Art alone,  
"Has Pow'r to succour,) By th' all-seeing Sun,  
"By the Chast Deity that Governs Here,  
"And what e're else you Sacred hold or Dear,  
"Take pity on our Youth, and bind us still  
"Eternal servants to *Medea's* Will!  
"And if a Strangers Form can touch your Mind,  
"(If such blest Fate was e're for me design'd!)

" This Flesh to Dust dissolve, this Spirit to Air,  
 " When I think any but *Medea* Fair  
 " Be Conscious *Juno*, witness to my Vow,  
 " And this dread Goddess at whose Shrine we Bow.  
 Your Charming Tongue stopt here, and left the rest,  
 To be by yet more powerful Tears express'd.  
 I yield——and by my Art instruct you now,  
 To yoke the brass-hoof'd Bulls, and make them Plow,  
 Then with a daring Hand you sow the Field,  
 That for an Harvest do's an Army yield;  
 Ev'n I look'd Pale, that gave the powerful Charms,  
 To see the wondrous Crop of shining Arms!  
 Till th' Earth-born Brothers in fierce battel joyn'd,  
 Their sudden Lives more suddenly resign'd:  
 The Serpent next, a yet more dangerous Toil,  
 With scaly Bosom Plows the yielding Soil,  
 O'ershades the Field with vast expanded wings,  
 And brandishes in Air his threatening Stings!  
 Where was *Cressa* at this needful Hour?  
 Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchless Dow'r?

*Medea*



*Medea*, that *Medea* that is now  
 Despis'd, thought Poor, held guilty too By you,  
 'Twas she that Charm'd the wakefull Dragons fight,  
 Gave you the Fleece, and then secur'd your Flight :  
 To merit you what cou'd I more have done ?  
 My Father I betray, my Country shun,  
 And all the Hazards of an Exile run !  
 Tho, whilst I yield me thus a Robbers prize,  
 My tender Mother in my Absence dies,  
 And at her Feet my breathless Sister lies.  
 Why left I not my Brother too ? —— cold fear  
 Arrests my Hand, and I must finish here !  
 This Hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,  
 What then it dar'd to Act, dreads now to Write.

To the rough Seas undaunted I repair,  
 For after Guilt, what can a Woman Fear ?  
 Why scap'd our Crimes those Seas ? we shou'd have  
 dy'd ;  
 For falshood Thou, and I for Paricide.

The jutting Isles shou'd there have dash'd our Bónes,  
 And hung us piece-meal on the ragged stones;  
 Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in her rav'nous Den,  
 Wrong'd *Scylla* thus shou'd use ingrateful Men!  
*Charybdis* too shou'd in our Fate have shar'd,  
 Nor ought of our sad wreck her whirl-pool spar'd.  
 Yet safe we reach your Shore; the *Phrygian* Fleece  
 Is made an Off'ring to the Gods of Greece.

The *Pelian* Daughters pious bloody Deed  
 I pass, that rashly made their Father bleed:  
 Your Safety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud,  
 The Guilt that others blame, you shou'd applaud!  
 But 'stead of Thanks, your Court I am forbid;  
 Your self forbid me, faithless *Jason* did!  
 With none but my two Infants I depart,  
 And *Jason's* Form, that ne'er forsakes my Heart;  
 At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs surprize  
 My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes.  
 The Rabble shout, the Clamour nearer drew,  
 And as it came more near, more dreadful grew:

My

My Servants weep in Corners, and refuse  
Th' ingrateful Task of such unwelcom News.  
I yet forbear t'enquire, tho still my Breast  
The dreadful Apprehensions did suggest.  
My youngest Boy now from the Window spy'd  
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,  
" Look, Mother, look! see where my Father rides,  
" With shining Reins his Golden Chariot guides.  
At this my pale forsaken Breast I tore,  
Nor spar'd the Face whose Beauties charm no more.  
Alas! what did I spare; Scarce cou'd I spare  
My Honour, scarcely thee, cou'd scarce forbear  
To force my Passage to thy Chariot now,  
And tear the Garland from thy perjur'd Brow.

Offended Father, now thy Griefs discharge;  
My Brother's Blood is now reveng'd at large.  
The Man (for whom I fled and injur'd thee,  
Whose Love sole Comfort of my Flight cou'd be)  
Th' ingrateful Man has now forsaken me.

I tam'd the Bulls, and cou'd the Serpent bind ;  
But for perfidious Love no spell can find :  
The Dragon's baleful Fires my Arts supprest ;  
But not the Flames that rage within my Breast.  
In Love my powerfull'st Herbs are useleſs made,  
In vain is *Hecat* ſummon'd to my Aid :  
I ſigh the Day, the Night in Watches ſpend,  
No Slumbers on my careful Brows deſcend :  
With *Poppies* Juice in vain my Eyes I ſteep,  
And try the Charm that made the Dragon ſleep.  
I only reap no Profit for my Charms !  
They ſav'd, but ſav'd thee from my Rival's Arms.  
There, 'cauſe you know the Theam will grateful be,  
Perhaps you'r ſo unjuſt t' exclaim on me !  
To tax my manners, rally on my Face,  
And make th' Adulterſs ſport with my Diſgrace.  
Laugh on proud Dame ; but know thy Fate is nigh,  
When thou ſhalt yet more wretched be than I !  
When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd ſits ſtill,  
Sword, Flame and Poyſon have forgot to kill.

If Prayers the flinty *Jason's* Breast can move,  
My just Complaint will sure successful prove.  
Stretcht at thy Feet a suppliant Princess see;  
Such was thy Posture when she pity'd thee.  
And tho a Wife's discarded Title fail,  
My Infants still are thine, let them prevail.  
So much they'r thine, so much thy Likeness bear,  
Each Look I cast is follow'd by a Tear.

Now by the Gods, by all our past Delights,  
By those dear Pledges of our am'rous Nights,  
Restore me to thy Love I claim my due;  
Be to my Merit, and thy Promise true.  
I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,  
To set me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free ;  
I only crave thy Love, thy Love restore,  
For which I've done so much, and suffer'd more.  
Do'st Thou demand a Dow'r?--'twas paid that day  
When thou did'st bear the Golden Fleece away :  
Thy Life's my Dow'r, and thy dear Followers health,  
The Youth of *Greece* ; weigh these with *Creon's* wealth.

To

To Me thou ow'st that thou art *Cressa's* Heir,  
That now thou liv'st to call *Cressa*, Fair!  
You've wrong'd me All, and on you All— but hold,  
I form Revenge too mighty to be told!  
My thoughts are now to th'utmost Ruin bent!  
Perhaps I shall the fatal Rage repent,  
But on ——— for I (what e're the mischief be)  
Shall less Repent than that I trusted Thee!  
The God alone that Rages in my Breast,  
Can see the dark revenge my thoughts suggest;  
I only know 'twill soon effected be,  
And when it comes, be Vast and Worthy Me.

---

Upon

*Upon the Marquess of Worcester's de-  
fending his Seat of Ragland Castle;  
the last Garrison that held out for the  
King.*

**W**hen civil Discord through the Realm had  
(reign'd,  
And *English* Swords with *English* Blood were stain'd;  
When out of Zeal, Religion was expell'd,  
And men for Conscience 'gainst their Prince rebell'd;  
The best of Princes---when the Power Divine  
(On purposes too deep for Reason's Line)  
Gave Rebell-Arms Success, and seem'd to bring  
Distress at once upon our Saint and King:  
Not Jesse's Son seem'd better form'd to reign;  
Nor were his Worthies of a nobler Strain.  
But what Relief can boldest Valour lend,  
Where Heroes not with Foes, but Fate contend?

The

The Age's Crimes for no less Curse did call;  
And 'tis decree'd the Royal Cause must fall:  
Of Conquest thus by Destiny bereft,  
Our blasted War has yet one Garland left,  
Alone the Foes united Strength to fight,  
And strike the last fam'd Blow for Royal Right.  
This Honour to the Noble *Worc'ster* fell,  
Who, always brave, himself do's now excell,  
His Friends, his Troops, his House, his Cittadel.  
Here, tho reduc'd to last extrem's, he lies,  
His cheerful Canon still the Foe defies;  
The more distress'd, the more his Vertue shines,  
His Courage rising as his Strength declines;  
Oft from unequal Force he guards his Walls,  
Oft in fierce Sallies on the Leagner falls:  
Thus while expir'd the other Members lie,  
*Worc'ster* stirs last, the Heart of Loyalty.

Catullus



Catullus. *Epigr.* II.

*De passere mortuo Lesbia.*

**W**Eep, *Venus*, weep, bid all the Race  
Of laughing Loves weep now apace;  
Let Mortal's Sorrow be as deep;  
Bid the nobler Mortals weep:  
All that have the Soul or Sense  
For Fate of such a Consequence.  
Never was such Cause to moan,  
*Lesbia's* Sparrow's dead and gone.  
The Darling she was wont to prize  
Above the Conquests of her Eyes.  
That educated Bird, I mean  
He that was so slick and clean;  
Whose Wit and Judgment did excell;  
For hemy *Lesbia* knew as well

As she her own dear Mother knew,  
 And to her Arms as fondly flew.  
 No more Alas, shall he do so!  
 But wanders through the Shades below,  
 His Everlasting Residence;  
 For never Soul escap'd from thence.  
 You have him Fates, and we allow  
 Your Groves the Seats of Pleasure now,  
 My *Lesbia's* Bird has made them so.  
 But ours, as if their Soul were fled,  
 Are wither'd all since he is dead.  
 Clouds of Tears o'er-cast the Skies;  
 I mean the Heav'n of *Lesbia's* Eyes.

---

*After beating his Mistress.*

Ovid. *El. Lib.*

**C**Hains, Straw and Darkness! There's no Remedy,  
 But *Bedlam* for a Wretch so mad as I!

Perish

Perish these Hands, so ill could Beauty treat,  
And on a trembling Mistress Blows repeat.  
Distracted *Ajax* once with Sword and Shield,  
For Foes, drove bleating Flocks about the Field.  
Such was my Rage when I her Tresses tore;  
Nor seem'd she then less charming than before.  
Disorder call'd fresh Beauties to her Face,  
Fair as *Diana*, panting from the Chase.  
With such an Air wrong'd *Ariadne* lay,  
When Winds bore *Theseus* Sails and Vows away.  
Speak, you that were Spectators of the Deed,  
What Eye forbore to weep, what Heart to bleed!  
You call'd me Mad-man, curst the Savage Brute,  
All but the injur'd Nymph, and she was mute.  
Whose Silence yet more sharply did upbraid,  
Her Tears beyond all Speech my Guilt display'd.  
Strange Recompence for Love, such Savage Wrong,  
Why was I to my own Destruction strong?  
*Iydides* only with my Rage can vie;  
He made one Goddess bleed, another I;

But

But he much better may his Crime defend;  
That Goddess was his Foe; but mine my Friend.  
Go, Conqueror, triumphant Arches raise,  
Make Altars flame, and bind your Brow with Bays;  
While thus the waiting Crow your Fact proclaim,  
He fought a Woman, and he overcame:  
And that your Pomp may yet appear the more,  
The wounded Beauty led in Chains before.  
Whose Cheeks shou'd only prints of Kisses bear,  
Her Necks the Marks of raging Pleasure wear.  
The least sharp word (her Tenderness is such)  
Had been enough, an angry Look too much:  
What then were Blows, and what to see that Hair  
All torn, that Goddesses with Pride might wear?  
Amaz'd she stood, nor any Breath retain'd;  
And but the Statue of her self remain'd.  
Yet still each panting Limb confess her Fear,  
Such Tremblings as in Poplar Leaves appear;  
Such as when Zephyres blow in Reeds we find,  
Or Floods fann'd lightly with a Southern Wind.

Her

Her Eyes were fixt, while yet her Tears did flow,  
 more fair than Pearl, more free than melting Snow.  
 That Mirrour shew'd me my foul Trespas first;  
 The Stars and Fates; but most my self I curst;  
 For Sacrilege like mine, what Recompence?  
 Thrice at her Feet I fell for my Offence,  
 While she, Alas, as oft drew back for fear,  
 And durst not trust my cruel Hands so near.

---

*Propert. Lib. 1. Eleg. 4.*

C Harming and soft as *Ariadne's* Sleep,  
 When faithless *Theseus* cut the falser Deep;  
 Was that which late my *Cynthia* did o'ercome,  
 When I with Troops of Links came reeling home,  
 Half laid, half sitting, and the more to charm,  
 Her Head supported on her yielding Arm;  
 My Soul ev'n then her wonted Pow'r confess'd,  
 In spite of *Bacchus* raging in my Breast.

For without Noise I crept to her Bed-side,  
Though by my stagg'ring Feet but ill supply'd.  
I gaz'd, but dar'd no nearer to intrude;  
Nor Wine it self had Power to make me rude;  
For still the sleeping Beauty I forbore;  
Fixt like a Midnight Miser by his Store:  
The Wretch so fair wou'd seize, but wants the Pow'r;  
Yet what his Hands forbear, his Eyes devour.  
I took the genial Garland from my Head,  
And wantonly on *Cynthia's* Temples spread.  
Sometimes her Tresses with more Gems I grac't,  
A starting Curl sometimes in Order plac't:  
Her half-shut Hands with downy Peaches fill'd,  
While Show'rs of Jasmine on her Brow distill'd.  
Heapt all Delights the fragrant Season bore,  
And Sleep was never treated so before.  
Rose-Leaves and Blossoms on her Breast I threw,  
Remov'd as fast with ev'ry Breath she drew.  
But Oh, what Fears oft-times I did sustain,  
(Ye Powers of Love bear Witness to my Pain)

When

When in more deep Repose she left her Breath,  
 To see a Sleep so much resembling Death.  
 What Terrors oft my tender Breast did rend,  
 Left with some frightful Dream she might contend.  
 At last the clouded Moon her Beams deny'd,  
 That were by *Cynthia's* waking Eye supply'd,  
 Soon as she spy'd me, with a Sigh and Tear,  
 She cry'd, what makes this lewd Companion here?  
 To this late Hour, where have thy rambles led;  
 Where hast thou roar'd, and drank the Stars to Bed?  
 But know, perfidious Man, the Pow'rs above  
 Have large Revenge in store for injur'd Love.  
 By dear Experience may'st thou know my Pain,  
 Expecting all the tedious Night in vain!  
 Sometimes with Books I cheat the Hours away,  
 With Musick next—but when you longer stay,  
 I know that Night's on new Intreaques employ'd,  
 Too long a time for Beauty once enjoy'd.  
 'Tis thus the weary Minutes I engage,  
 Toft with divided Thoughts of Love and Rage.

Till Sleep, that gives to other Ills Relief,  
Renews and doubles in sad Dreams my Grief.

---

To the Conceal'd Author of

**ABSALOM** and **ACHITOPHEL.**

**H**Ail, Heav'n-born Muse, Hail every sacred Page,  
The Glory of our Isle, and of our Age.

Th' inspiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh ;

The *North* at last seems with a Work to vie  
With *Homer's* Flame, and *Virgil's* Majesty.

While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet fought,  
His ravish'd Mind with vast *Idea's* traught,  
Our Language fail'd beneath his rising Thought.

This checks not his Attempt, for *Mars's* Mines

He drains of all their Store t' enrich his Lines,

Through each of which the *Mantuan* Genius shines.

Once Rocks obey'd the Powerful *Hebrew* Guide,

Their flinty Breast dissolving to a Tide:

Thus



Thus on our stubborn Language he prevails,  
And makes the *Helicon* in which he fails.

The Dialect as well as Sense invents,  
And with his Poem a new Speech presents.

Hail then, thou matchless Bard, thou great Unknown,  
That give your Country Fame, yet shun your own,  
In vain; for ev'ry where your Praise you'll find,  
And not to meet it you must shun Mankind.

Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,  
And ev'n the Faction give your Verse Applause,  
Whose Light'ning strikes to ground their Idol Cause.  
The Cause for whose dear sake they drank a Flood  
Of Civil Gore, nor spar'd the Royal Blood.

The Cause whose Growth to crush our Prelates wrote  
In vain, almost in vain our Heroes fought;  
Yet by one stab of your keen Satyr dies;  
Before your Ark their shatter'd *Dagon* lies.

Oh, if unworthy we appear to know  
The Sire to whom this wondrous Birth we owe,

Deny'd our ready Homage to express,  
 And can at best but thankful be by guess;  
 This Hope remains, — may David's God-like Mind  
 The unknown Author of these Numbers find;  
 And having found, shew'r equal Favours down  
 On Wit so vast as cou'd oblige a Crown.

---

*On the Meddal.*

Once more our Poet sallies to engage  
 The threatening *Hydra*-Faction of the Age;  
 Once more prepares his dreadful Pen to wield;  
 While every Muse attends him to the Field.  
 By Art and Nature for this Task design'd,  
 Yet modestly the Fight he long declin'd;  
 Forbare the Torrent of his Verse to pour,  
 Nor loos'd his Satyr till the needful Hour.  
 His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,  
 Wak'd his avenging Genius to its Aid;

Blest

Blest Muse, whose Wit with such a Cause was Crown'd,  
And blest the Cause that such a Champion found !  
But like a Prince, by Subjects forc't t' engage,  
Secure of Conquest, he rebates his Rage :  
His Fury not without Distinction sheds,  
Hurls Mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads,  
To less offending Members gentle sound,  
Spare them, or else pours Balm into the Wound.  
This gen'rous Grace th' ingrateful Tribe abuse,  
And trespass on the Mercy of his Muse.  
Their wretched dog'ril Rhimers forth they bring,  
To snarle and bark against the Poet's King,  
A Crew that scandalize the Nation more,  
Than all their Treason-canting Priests before.  
On these he scarce vouchsaf' t a scornful Smile ;  
But on their Powerful Patrons turns his Stile ;  
A Stile so keen as from the Faction draws  
The vital Poison, stabs at Heart their Cause.  
Take then, Great Bard, what Tribute we can raise,  
Accept our Thanks for you transcend our Praise.

*To my ingenious Friend Mr. Creech,  
on his Translation of Lucretius.*

**T**Was bold for youth *Lucretian* heights to storm,  
But Youth alone had Vigour to perform;  
The stately Fabrick stood by all admir'd,  
While none to Copy the vast Frame aspir'd,  
All own'd some Sacred Power the Work did guide,  
Aids which our Author to the World deny'd;  
What to attempt had drawn a gen'ral Blame,  
Perform'd so well must Challenge greater fame:  
*Lucretius* English'd! 'tis so rich a Prize,  
We gaze upon't and scarce believe our Eyes!  
We read and see the *Roman* Genius shine,  
Without Alley in each bright Page of thine,  
Then pausing with fresh Doubt, again repair,  
Again we find the Learn'd *Lucretius* there.  
Thy Pains oblige us on a double score,

True

True to thy Author, to Religion more,  
 While learnedly his Errours thou dost note;  
 And for his Poyson bring an Antidote,  
 From *Epicurus* Walks thus weeding vice,  
 No more the Garden but a Paradise.

---

*The Battle of the B-d's in the Theatre  
 Royal, December the 3d 1680.*

**G**ive ore ye Tilters of the Pit, give ore,  
 Frighten the Boxes and your selves no more;  
 Two Amazons of Scandalous renown,  
 Have with dire Combat made this Field their own,  
 Their fray on no slight Grounds (like yours) was made,  
 But for precedence in their famous Trade;  
 Both for the publique break their Midnight sleep,  
 And open Courts for lated Mortals keep.  
 Zeal for the Publique did their rage excite,  
 But who can speak the Horrour of the fight!

The

The Oaths, the Banns, the Sweat, the Dust, the Blood  
Is not to be exprest, nor understood.

Strong Sarcenet Scarf with Hood of Gause more slight  
Promiscuously lay scatter'd in the fight :

Necklace and Pendants perish't in the fray,  
And rev'rend Point that did the Art display,  
Of Ages past had now its fatal Day.

Our upper region ravih't at the fight,  
With din of clattering Swords applaud the fight;  
Nay ev'n our Squires oth' Pit like Trojans true,  
Made a fair Ring, and stood Spectators too :  
Some fide Box Nymphs ('tis true) made Protestation,  
This War would prove the ruin of the Nation ;  
Which to prevent *Bellona* interpos'd,  
And with a partial Hand the Battel clos'd,  
*S*——nce the vanquish't, *S*——nce quits her Ground,  
The Conqu'ring *Str*——rd is with Myrtle crown'd,  
And *Drury-lane* all loyal Wh——es resound.

Hor.

*Hor. Ode 5th. lib. 3.*

*Quis multa gracilis te Puer in Rosa,*

**S**ay, perjur'd Maid,

What tender Youth with Perfumes on his

(Head,

And Roses for his Bed,

Alike by Nature's Sweets and thine betray'd;

What unexperienc'd Youth does now employ

Sighs, Tears and Oaths to reap the fatal Joy?

To what new Lover do'st thou now unfold

Those Amber Locks? For thy Undress can charm,

Thy loose dishevell'd Tresses warm,

Beyond the Glances shot from Gemms and Gold.

Ah! thoughtless Wretch, how oft shall he in vain

Curse perjur'd Faith, and to the Gods complain?

Those Gods by whom the fair Deceiver swore;

When he shall hear the Tempest fall,

The

The Billows waking at the Thunder's Call,  
 Who ne'er saw Wave, nor heard a Storm before!  
 How oft shall he bewail his Error past,  
 Who thought the smiling Calm wou'd always last,  
 That he alone, and always he  
 Of *Phyllis* Heart shall owner be,  
 And fix of Woman's Love th' inconstant Sea?  
 So curst are all that see thy Smiles,  
 And view thy Beauty e'er they know thy Wiles!  
 Thrice wretched they for whom remains this Fate;  
 But me Experience dear and late,  
 Has with a strange Escape sent back,  
 Resolv'd for Sea no more;  
 And hanging on the Rocks of this false Shore,  
 (That none hereafter the like Error make)  
 My Garments drencht, and dropping with the Wreck.  
 When he shall hear the Tempest fall,



*To the Translator of Father Simon's  
Critical History.*

**A**S *Esdra*s once did into Order draw,  
And to the new-freed Tribes revive the Law,  
So you, from Chains of Darkness which they wore,  
The Captive Oracles again restore.  
Hail, Inspir'd Father, who couldst force thy way  
Through Night's dark Empire to the Realm of Day.  
Your self creates the Sun that gives you Light,  
And forms the History by which you write.  
One Age dissolves (such force your Judgment bears)  
The settled Cloud of many thousand Years.  
This works first Fame was thine who did create,  
The second his that could so well translate.  
From whose joyn'd Beams a perfect Light we draw  
The *Urim* and the *Thummim* of the Law.

## The Charge

## S O N G.

**T**ELL my *Strephon* that I die;  
 Let Echoes to each other tell,  
 Till the mournful Accent fly  
 To *Strephon's* Ear, and all is well.

**II.**  
 But gently break the fatal Truth,  
 Sweeten ev'ry sadder Sound;  
 For *Strephon's* such a tender Youth,  
 The gentlest Words too deep will wound.

**III.**  
 The gentlest Words will wound too deep  
 The dear relenting Swain,  
 Then let my Griefs in Silence sleep,  
 And never more complain.

IV. Foun-

## IV.

Fountains Ecchoes all be dumb;

For should I cost my Swain a Tear,

I shall repent me in the Tomb,

And grieve to buy my Rest so dear.

## PROLOGUE.

*To the Enchanted Lovers.*

**Y**OU've met us in defiance of the Weather;  
 How has our Magick conjur'd you together?  
 The Play is new——there doubtless lay the Charm,  
 That drew to our forsaken Hive this Swarm.  
 What more to sooth your Humor could we do,  
 Than when the Play is new, and Poet too.  
 He, though an early Trespasser in Rhime,  
 Ne'er climb'd the Stage before; and judg'd this time  
 For his Adventure safest when the Road  
 Was clear, the Pirate Wits dispers'd abroad.

He

He hop'd while you toth' Country were withdrawn,  
 T' have found an easie Jury of the Town;  
 But is surpriz'd to see an awful Pir,  
 Met to arraign him by the Laws of Wit;  
 Laws ne'er perform'd by mortal Writer yet.  
 Witches and Spells the former Age believ'd,  
 And as authentick on the Stage receiv'd;  
 Our Poet fears they'll hardly pass with you,  
 Who no charms but in Beauty will allow.  
 Yet since such Lovers Knaves and Fools have been,  
 Shewn on the Stage, as elsewhere ne'er were seen;  
 Why shou'd his Haggs forc't Characters appear?  
 Cause your nice Reason doubts if Witches are.  
 He with a trembling Hand their *jargons* wrote;  
 The Entertainment of his Mid-night Thought:  
 Mean while his Fancy, like a tender Bride,  
 With th' Exercise lay pleas'd and terrify'd:  
 With Ease his *Belldam's* Tempests raise and lay;  
 But could contrive no Spell to save the Play.

## EPILOGUE.

**W**Hat no Attendance in this World? make way.

Where are our noisy empty Hectors? they  
 That hear no Scene, and yet damn all the Play,  
 Run down by Masque, to their old shift they flee,  
 And rail at us for want of Repartee.  
 Well, Gentlemen, how'er you doom too Night,  
 Methinks this Company's a blessed Sight,  
 And shews the Realms Disorder coming Right.  
 With us as with the Publick it does pass,  
 The Theatre's the Nations Weather-Glass;  
 Where, like the Quick-silver our Audience still,  
 As the State goes is found to ebb or fill.  
 Shall I inform you one thing, Gallants? — We  
 In our Vocation with the Saints agree:  
 For as their Holders-forth their Flock enchant,  
 So we our Audience Charm with Noise and Rant.

'Tis thus we please, and I dare take my Oath,  
That Decency and Sence would break us both.

---

## EPILOGUE.

**N**OW we expect to hear our raw Blades say,  
'Damn me, I see no Sence in this dull Play :  
Tho much of it our abler Judges know  
Was famous Sence 'bove forty Years ago.  
Sometimes we fail to please for want of Wit  
I th' Play ; but more for want of 't in the Pit.  
For many ruin'd Poet's Work 'twould save,  
Had you but half the Sence you think you have.  
Poets on your Fore-fathers sham'd dull Plays,  
And shrewdly you revenge it in our Days.  
In troth we fare by 't as your Tradesmen do:  
For while they raise Estates by cheating you,  
Into Acquaintance with their Wives you fall,  
And get 'em graceless Sons to spend it all.

'Tis

'Tis plain they'r your's, 'cause all our Arts miscarry :  
 For, just like you, they'll damn before they'll marry.  
 Of honest Terms, now almost despairing  
 Unless retriev'd by some rich Yeoman's Heir,  
 In Grooms, Bachelors, and Needy Single Heirs  
 What Comforts such a Lot will well afford !  
 Joynture ! dear Joynture, Oh, the Heav'nly Word  
 But---e'er of you, my Sparks, my Leave I take  
 For your Unkindness past, these Prayers I make  
 So very constant may your Misses be,  
 Till you grow cloy'd for want of Jealousie,  
 Into such Dullocks may your Poets tire,  
 Till they shall write such Plays as you admire,  
 May you, instead of Whoring, Gaming, Drinking,  
 Be damn'd to your Aversion,--Books and thinking,  
 And for a last wish---what I'm sure you'll call  
 The Curse of Curses---Marriage take ye all.

**The PROLOGUE.**  
*To the History of King Lear, reviv'd,  
 With Alterations.*

**S**ince by Mistakes your best Delights are made,  
 (For your own Wives can please in Masquerade)  
 Twere worth our while to have drawn you in to day  
 By a new Name to our old honest Play.  
 But he that did this Ev'ning Treat prepare,  
 Resolv'd before-hand frankly to declare  
 Your Entertainment should be most Old Fare.  
 Yet hopes, since in rich Shakspear's Soil it grew,  
 Twill relish still with Palate that are true;  
 And his Ambition is to please a few.  
 If then this Heap of Flowers shall chance to wear  
 Fresh Beauty in the Order they now bear,  
 Ev'n this is Shakspear's Praise—each Rustick knows,  
 With various Flowers a Garland to compose;

That



That strung by his coarse Hand may siller sound,  
 But 'twas a Pow'r Divine first made / on ground  
 Why shou'd these Scenes lie hid, in which we find  
 What may at once delight and teach the Mind  
 For if the Poets were the Stage, (not we)  
 Morals were always proper for the Stage,  
 But are ev'n necessary in this Age  
 When we are off the Stage  
 Poets must take the Churches teaching Trade,  
 We are the Priests of Intrigue and Trade  
 Since Priests their Province of Intrigue have  
 But we the worst in this Exchange have got,  
 Whoe'er we are for living in the Play  
 In vain our Poets preach, while Church-men play

Well---since we are for living in the Play

This Play's a Reviver, but it does not

# EPILOGUE

Your speech is a Master-Torch, which

Inconstancy, the reigning Sin o' th' Age,  
 Will scarce endure true Lovers on the Stage  
 You hardly ev'n in Plays with such dispens't,  
 And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence.  
 Yet one bald Proof I was resolv'd to give,  
 That I could three Hours Constancy out-live.

You see, perhaps, while on the Stage we're made  
 Such Saints, we shall indeed take up the Trades  
 Sometimes we stretch— but our Vertue may  
 For Truth I fear, wish your Pit-Valour weigh  
 Where (not to flatter either) I much doubt,  
 When we are off the Stage, and you are out,  
 We are not quite so good, nor you so stout.  
 We talk of Hanging—but to be finctre,  
 Whoever hopes to see us Cloyster'd there,  
 May hope to draw our Criticks at Tanager.  
 Well—since ye are for blust'ring in the Pit,  
 This Play's Reviver humbly does admit  
 Your absolute Power to damn his part of it.  
 But still so many Master-Torches shine  
 Of that great Hand that first laid this Design,  
 That in great Shakespeare's Right he's hold to say,  
 The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play.

And Poets kill 'em in their own Defence  
 Yet one half Proof I was resolv'd to give  
 That I could give those Horrid Confrancy our lives

*To Mr. L. Maidwell, on his New  
Grammar.*

**T**Hus early for that Homage we make way,  
Which late Posterity shall better pay.  
To form a Verse as perfect as our Theme,  
The Air of *Pindar* and *Piræus*'s Stream  
Assist too feebly; our Recourse must be  
For just Expression to thy Book and thee.  
From thy own Stores thy Tribute we must raise;  
For who best learns thy Precepts, best can praise.  
How heavily till now our Youth were bred;  
With painful Progress to the Muses led;  
Through Clouds of Terms to Science did proceed,  
Nor learnt their Grammar's Use till past the need.  
Who sped the best, but late arriv'd the Coast,  
The greater part on Rocks of Error lost.

So ignorant the Pilot still appear'd;  
 So false the Card it self by which they steer'd:  
 Till thou in gen'rous Pity didst impart  
 To weeping Youth this perfect Scheme of Art;  
 Whose ready Method doubly eas'd their way,  
 More short the Journey, and more bright the Day.  
 Thy Art, like *Moses*, on the Mount appears,  
 Shews at one View the Search of many years.  
 So short and clear all thy Instructions lie,  
 They teach the Mind, not load the Memory.  
 Thy Tree performs for Boys more Wonders now,  
 Than for the Heroe *Virgil's* Golden Bough:  
 With this bright Charm each cheerful Youth invades  
 The Muses World through darkest Authors Shades,  
 What Progress then in Learning must be made,  
 When half the Building's in the *Basis* laid?

*An Attempt on the Ode of Assumption,*

By Mr. Crashaw.

I.

**H**eark, she is call'd, the parting Hour is come,  
 Poor World, take thy Farewell;

• Heav'n must on Earth no longer dwell;  
 Take Leave poor world; for Heav'n must now go home;  
 Heav'n's Bride must home, then all the Stars more bright  
 Whose Lamps for her Arrival deck the Sky;  
 See where her Chariot mounts, whilst in her Flight  
 She gives the Crystal Sphere more glorious Light,  
 And wakes into broad Fire, the sleeping *Galaxy*.

II.

Heark she is call'd the dear Immortal Dove!

Sighs to his Silver-Mate, rise up my Love;

Arise my fair, my spotless one,

The stormy Winter's past, the Rain is gone;

The

The Spring is come, the Flow'rs appear,  
No Sweets but thou art wanting here.

Then come away my Love;  
The Pomp, the Court of Heav'n are come,  
With all the Starry Host to wait thee home:  
There's not one Guardian Seraph left above.

The Glories of the Spring appear,  
Or quickly would if thou wert here:

The Spring is come, or if it stay,  
Tis only to keep Time with thy Delay.

The Rain is gone, except so much as we  
Retain in Tears to weep the want of thee.

The gloomy Water's past;

Or if he make less Haste,

His Answer is, that he is slow;  
If Summer come not, how can Winter go?

Come my Love, make haste away;

The shrill Winds chide, the Waters weep thy stay,  
The Fountains murmur, and each lofty Tree  
Bends low his Leafy Top to look for thee.

III. She's

She's call'd again, and she will now away  
Heav'n will not, and she cannot stay.

Go then, rise glorious on the Golden Wings  
Of Heav'n's bright Youth, while each thy triumph sings,  
Whose Numbers yet a Flight more lofty take,  
Than what their own immortal Pinions make.  
And tho our Notes are far less sweet and strong,  
Yet our best Harmony we'll send

Her rising Glories to attend;  
And strive at least to reach her with our Song.  
In Heav'n's own Anthem we will bear our part,  
Hail, Holy, happy Queen of humble Hearts,

Maria, Men and Angels sing,  
Maria, Mother of th' Eternal King:  
Live, Queen of Heav'n, the Cherub's sacred Mirth,  
Restorer, and Protectors of the Earth;  
Live, thou that gav'st Humanity a Birth  
Thus far our Numbers which with Grief we see,  
Short of our own Desires, much more of thee.

And

And now our Mortal Airs have done their best,  
Divinest Angels come and sing the rest.

---

*The Three First Chapters of Job.*

*The First Chapter.*

**T**He Land of Uzz by Nature much was blest;  
But more, that Righteous Job her Soil possess.  
None worshipt Heav'n with such Religious Care,  
Nor of its Blessings held so large a Share.  
Sev'n Princely Sons, three beauteous Daughters grac'd  
The Patriarch's Court, his Field increas'd more fast.  
His Flocks and Herds in thousands he could see;  
The plenteous East knew none so rich as he.  
The Sons to weekly Treats each other call,  
And in their Course appoint the Festival:  
As oft did Job his pious Prayers renew,  
And Sacrifice to their Number drew,



Left in the warmth, said he, of Mirth and Wine,  
The Youth forget, or curse the Pow'r Divine.  
Such was his Practice—Now approacht the Day,  
When all *Jehovah's* Sons in solemn May  
Appear'd before him. Satan too was there:  
For what will not industrious Malice dare?  
From whence (said God?) From ranging far and wide  
Thine Earth for Prey, the fallen Fiend reply'd.  
And hast thou (said th' Almighty) hast thou found  
In all the Search of that thy spacious Round,  
A Saint-like *Job*, my Servant, scarce in Thought  
Transgressing?— And does *Job* serve God for nought?  
The Fiend returns— Are not thine Arms his Fence?  
Stands not his House hedg'd round with Providence?  
What wants thy Servant, Man can happy call?  
Well may he yield thee Praise, who giv'st him all,  
Peace, Plenty, Power, what can he cover more?  
My own black Tribe could bless on such a Score.  
But check those vast Rewards that makes him just,  
Consume his Substance, lay his Pomp in Dust,

Afflict

Afflict his Person, load him with Disgrate,  
 Thy Sins that hour shall curse thee to thy Face.  
 Prove then his Truth (Gid God) this very hour  
 All but his Life we leave within thy Power.  
 Hells Agent shall'd: the Genial Day was set  
 Once more, when Job's glad Sons and Daughters met,  
 While to the Rev'rend Sir, a Messenger,  
 Breathless with Haste, and half expir'd with Fear,  
 These Tidings brought--While we the Flow did ply,  
 Our Oxen yock'd, the Asses grazing by,  
 Sabeen Troops upon the Cattel fell,  
 And of thy Servants I survive to tell.  
 Imperfectly was this Relation told,  
 When heavier News a second does unfold:  
 Thy Flocks and Servants Fire from Heav'n has slain,  
 And I alone to tell their Fate remain.  
 While yet he spoke a third was heard to say,  
 The Camels are become the Chaldees' Prey;  
 On us thy Servants in three Bands they sell,  
 And I am scarce escap'd with Breath to tell.

Nor

Nor had he finish'd, when the Fourth express'd  
 The Loss that like a Sea devour'd the rest :  
 This day (said he) thy Sons and Daughters met,  
 With num'rous Train about the Banquet set ;  
 Thy Beds first Pledge, the Eldest was their Host ;  
 But Ah, too dear the Entertainment cost !  
 For lo ! a Whirlwind from the Desert blew,  
 That at one Blast the Palace overthrew :  
 Beneath the Pile thy Off-spring all lie slain,  
 And of thy Servants I alone remain.  
 At this the Saint his Garment rent around,  
 And falling prostrate, worships on the Ground.  
 Thus bare, (said he) thus naked was I born,  
 And naked thus I shall to Earth return.  
 Heav'n gives, and Heav'n with Justice may recall,  
 So Heav'n be prais'd whate'er to man befall.  
 In such Distress thus patient he remain'd ;  
 Nor fondly once of Providence complain'd.

the had he might, when the Fourth express

Let Of that like a Sea beyond the rest :

in days (said he) thy Sons and Daughters meet

with him now, and the world is his

by Bed, first Pledge, the Elders, was their Host;

at All, and dear the Entertainment cost!

**T**He solemn Time was now return'd, once more,  
When with the rest stood Satan, as before :

From whence, said God? From ranging far and wide

The spacious Globe, the sullen Fiend reply'd.

And hast thou (said th' Almighty) hast thou found

A Saint like Job in all thy spacious Round?

Who still our Laws and Service does attend,

Nor all his causeless Grievs have made offend.

To this th' Accuser-- slight is yet his Pain;

Nor would my Tribe for such Distress complain :

But touch his Flesh with thy afflicting Rod,

And to his Face the Saint shall curse his God.

Try (said th' Almighty) wreck thy Vengeance here,

Afflict his Body ; but his Life forbear.

Hell

Hell's Factor strikes him now with Boils all o'er;  
 His ulcer'd Flesh but one continued Sore.  
 The patient Saint in Ashes still remains,  
 And with a Potsherd scrapes his swelling Blanes.  
 Retain'st thou still thy sound Integrity?  
 His Wife exclaims, give o'er, curse Heav'n and die.  
 Forbear (said he) such impious Blasphemies;  
 What blacker Guilt could *Belial's* self advise?  
 Ingrateful! shall we from the Pow'r Divine  
 Receive Life's Sweetens, and at its Griets repine?  
 From both our Duties Tribute let him raise,  
 For these our Patience, and for those our Praise.  
 Thus far the utmost Rage of Hell was vain;  
 For still his *Virtue* triumphs o'er his Pain.

This wondrous Change fill'd every Breath of Fame;  
 And to his Friends in distant Regions came;  
 Who, Thunder-struck, by joint Consent repair  
 To comfort, or at least his Trouble share.  
 Far off a mournful Spectacle they view,  
 Three Friends, but none his Old Acquaintance knew.

At last, when Job appear'd through Griefs disguise,  
 Each rent his Garment, and the Air with Cries;  
 With Dust they strew'd their Heads, and seated round,  
 Seven Suns beheld them weeping on the Ground,  
 All speechless; for they fear'd to urge the Grief  
 They saw too mighty to admit Relief.

### *The Third Chapter*

#### P A R A P H R A S . D.

##### I.

**L** Et the Day perish; let it perish quite,  
 That brought a wretch like me to light:  
 Infernal Vapors blast the Morn,  
 In which 'twas said, behold a Man-child born.  
 The Night that did me first to Life betray;  
 The Night that usher'd in that fatal Day;  
 Infernal Horrors overtake that Night!

Let dismal Shades the Day o'ergrow,

More black than Darkness let it prove;

Let Hell confound it from below,

And let not God relieve it from above.

Deepest Sables shroud the Earth,

And Death possess the Day that gave me Birth!

Amongst his Brethren let not that appear,

Nor have a place within the circ'ling Year.

The Night that for the wretched Birth made way,

The Night that usher'd in the fatal Day;

All solitary let it be;

No Sound of Joy be heard therein;

Let Mourners curse it, all that mourn like me;

From its own Darkness let it ne'er be free,

But ever wait the Dawn that never shall begin.

I I.

Because it did assist the lab'ring Womb,

And to these Sorrows me betray'd;

Why was I not from Birth to Death convey'd?

And why was not my Cradle made my Tomb?

LnA

N 2

Why

Why did the careful Midwife close,  
 And mold this Head for such a Mass of Woes!  
 Why did the Knees prevent my Mother's Throws?

And when their Offices did cease,  
 When want of Food had soon restor'd my Peace,

Why did the Breast afford Relief,  
 And foster up the Drudge and Slave of Grief?

Who else had lain at Rest, and found  
 In common Earthly Sleep of Death as sound,  
 As Kings and Princes that in Wealth abound.

Who in the very Tomb a Palace have,  
 And lay whole Empires out upon a Grave.

In equal Quiet I had lain,  
 With things unborn, and things retir'd,  
 With Babies by Death restor'd to Rest again;  
 Or such as on their way to Life expir'd,  
 Convey'd to Bliss before they tasted Pain.

O Grave! O Mansion of the Dead!

Wondrous things of thee are said!

The wicked cease from troubling there,

And



And there the weary are at Rest,  
 Pris'ners, of Liberty possess;  
 And Slaves th' Oppressor's Voice no longer hear.  
 Life's Tyrant there Distinctions took away,  
 And Servants mingle with their Master's Clay.

III.

Why is the better Soul detain'd in Bands  
 Of hateful Flesh; why forc't to live?  
 Why shou'd the Sun to him his Lustre give,  
 Who at Defiance with all Comfort stands?  
 What does the Son of Ruin here,  
 Among the cheerful Race of Men?  
 A Wretch that ne'er must taste of Joy again.  
 Why shou'd he see the Changes of the Year,  
 Who in all Nature's Blessings has no Share,  
 Abandon'd and devoted to Despair.  
 He calls for Death his weary Lids to fold,  
 And courts the Terror of Mankind:  
 He searches for him, diggs more deep to find  
 A Grave, than Misers do for Gold.

Why does his rising Day the Beams renew  
On him that has no Comfort to pursue ?  
Why is he forc't to look abroad agen,  
And meet the World where he has nought to do?  
Cut off from all the cheerful ways of Men.

With blackest Terrors hedg'd around,  
Whose Doom is past, his Ruin seal'd,  
With Sentence ne'er to be repeal'd;  
Whom God has lefr, and last Destruction found.  
My Sighing comes before I feed,  
And Deluges of Tears succeed :  
My roaring overcomes the Main,  
And Seas are hush'd when I complain.

The Trouble which I fear'd, without Controul  
Has seiz'd upon me the long-dreadful Ill ;  
The Thought whereof my Blood so oft did chill,  
And shot with Midnight-Trembling through my Soul.  
Tis come—— Yet Heav'n bear Witness what I bore,  
How far remov'd from Happiness before.

Among

Among the Sons of Sorrow I was Chief;  
 But former Woes were Pleasure to this Grief:  
 Then urge me, Friends, with vain Advice no more,  
 Despairing and defying all Relief.

---

*The Charnell-House.*

**T**His Treasury of Death Survey,  
 Where Poor and Rich like Tribute pay.  
 See what Acquaintance thou canst spy  
 Amongst those Skulls, I prethee try:  
 Man of Science, prethee show  
 Thy darling Friend, or deadly Foe.  
 Mankind by thee alive are read,  
 And know'st thou nothing of the Dead?

*To the Memory of Sir Richard Raynsford, Lord Chief Justice.*

*Qui Consilia Patrum, qui Leges, Inuague servat,  
Quo magna multaque secantur Iudice lites.*

Hor.

**W**HEN Princes have to Fate resign'd their Sway,  
And a low Grave receiv'd the Royal Clay,  
Then ev'n a Second Death they seem to have,  
More bury'd in Oblivion than the Grave;  
The Charm of some diviner Poet's Flame  
From Darkness has redeem'd their fully'd Name,  
And fixt 'em shining in the Roll of Fame.

Not thus, Learn'd Raynsford, do we write of thee,  
As we could add to thy bright Memory :  
For while thy wondrous Vertues we rehearse,  
We praise not thee; but thou adorn'st our Verse.

The

The Muses from their barren Mountains come  
To stock themselves with Lawrel at thy Tomb;  
Which, like a sacred Shrine they find prepar'd,  
Where Fame and Honour keep eternal Ward.  
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Tribe inspir'd,  
(Yet with th' Ambition of the proudest fir'd)  
Design'd some Work that should immortal be,  
Took the true Path, and chose to write of thee.  
Before the Thirst of Wealth and Pow'r began,  
When Man call'd Brutes, and not his Brother Man,  
E'er Laws were form'd (for who could wrong pretend,  
When th' Infant-world yet knew not to offend)  
The Angels of Mankind had little Odds;  
Earth seem'd a Heav'n, and Men a Race of Gods:  
That Mortals once could such Perfection own,  
In *Raysford's* equal Piety was shown;  
Who, in an Age most vicious and accurst,  
Did practise all the Vertues of the first.  
Sill with a peaceful Air his Count'nance shin'd,  
The Emblem of his more pacifick Mind;

That

That never did the least Contest maintain,  
But of the Graces striving which should reign.  
Ev'n Nature too her signal Care exprest,  
Brought all her richest Gifts t' adorn his Breast.  
She gave, and gave till she could give no more ;  
Yet still his Industry encreas'd the store.  
Beside th' Endowments Bounteous Heav'n inspir'd,  
All Ornament of Science he acquir'd.  
The Truth from specious Falshood could divide ;  
Had all the Gown-mens Skill, without their Pride.  
He knew whate'er the ablest Doctors know,  
Yet scorn'd not the most Ignorant and Low :  
Weakness in others never did despise,  
Yet was himself the wonder of the Wise.  
And tho no Conquest is so hard to gain,  
As when stiff Disputants Tongue-wars maintain ;  
Yet when he reason'd Sophistry stood mute,  
and 'twas a Lecture, rather than Dispute.  
Hilltorians from his clearer Sight supply'd  
Their darker Books, they ours, and he their Guide.

Remo-

Remotest Ages he kept still in view,  
To present Causes past Examples drew,  
And all things, but his own Perfections knew.  
But most regard to Truths Divine he bore,  
Where both his Faith and Skill so high did soar,  
Few *Churchmen* knew so much; none practis'd more.  
The Law, that did a boundless Ocean seem,  
Was coasted all, and fathom'd all by him:  
A dang'rous Sea, till he like *Neptune* rose  
The wrangling Winds and Waters to compose:  
Then banish'd Justice did to th' Courts repair,  
And seem'd enthron'd while *Raysford* fill'd the Chair.  
Large Fees made then the Cause no heavier weigh,  
The Widows smil'd, and Orphans blest the Day.  
With awful Meen he judg'd not austere;  
Ev'n those he sentenc'd thought him not severe;  
For still he pity'd where he could not spare.  
With such a mildness sate the *Hebrew* Guide,  
The trav'ling Nations Causes to decide,  
While Angels from above admir'd to see

On

On Earth such Wisdom and Integrity:  
 But that bright Oracle at last expir'd;  
 And ours (too great a Bliss to last) retir'd.

---

Prhoris. *From the Metamorph. of Ovid. Lib. 7*

*Phocus in terius spatium pulchrosque recessus  
 Cecropidas ducit, &c.*

TO th' inmost Cours the Grecian Youths were led  
 And plac'd by *Phocus* on a Tyrian Bed;  
 Who streight observ'd *Æolides* to hold  
 A Dart of unknown Wood; but arm'd with Gold.  
 None better loves (said he) the Huntf-man's Sport,  
 Or does more often to the Woods resort;  
 Yet I that Jav'lins stem with wonder view;  
 Too smooth for Box, too smooth a Grain for Yew.  
 I cannot guess the Tree; but never Art  
 Did form, or Eyes behold so fair a Dart!  
 The Guest then interrupts him——'twou'd produce  
 Sill greater wonder, if you knew the Use.  
 It never fails to strike the Game, and then  
 Comes bloody back into your hand agen.

Then



Then *Phocus* each particular desires,  
 And th' Author of the wondrous Gift enquires.  
 To which the Owner thus with weeping Eyes,  
 And Sorrow for his Wife's sad Fate, replies,  
 This Weapon here (O Prince!) can you believe  
 This Dart the Cause for which so much I grieve;  
 And shall continue to grieve on, till Fate  
 Afford such wretched Life yet longer Date.  
 Would I this fatal Gift had ne'er enjoy'd,  
 This fatal Gift my tender Wife destroy'd,  
*Procris* her Name, ally'd in Chastity and Blood,  
 To fair *Orythis* courted by a God.  
 Her Father seal'd my Hopes with Rites Divine,  
 But firmer Love before had made her mine.  
 Men call'd me blest, and blest I was indeed,  
 The second Month our Nuptials did succeed.  
 When (as upon *Hymettus* dewy Head,  
 For Mountain-Stags, my Net betimes I spread)  
*Aurora* spy'd, and ravish't me away,  
 With Reverence to the Goddess, I must say  
 Against

Against my will, for *Procris* had my Heart,  
 Nor would her Image from my Thoughts depart.  
 At last in Rage she cry'd, Ingrateful Boy  
 Go to your *Procris*, take your fatal Joy,  
 And so dismiss me, Musing as I went  
 What those Expressions of the Goddess meant.  
 A Thousand jealous Fears possess me now,  
 Lest *Procris* had profan'd her Nuptial Vow /  
 Her Youth and Charms did to my Fancy Paint  
 A lowd Adulteress ; but her Life a Saint.  
 Yet I was absent long, the Goddess too  
 Taught me how far a Woman cou'd be true.  
*Aurora's* Treatment much Suspicion bred,  
 Besides, who truly Love ev'n shadows dread.  
 I straight Impatient for the Tryal grew,  
 What Courtship backt with riched Gifts could do.  
*Aurora's* Envy aided my Design,  
 And lent me Features far unlike to mine.  
 In this Disguise to my own House I came,  
 But all was chaste, no conscious sign of Blame.

With thousand Arts I scarce Admittance found,  
 And then beheld her weeping on the Ground  
 For her lost Husband, hardly I retain'd  
 My purpose, scarce the wish'd Embrace restrain'd.  
 How charming was her Grief! Then Phœbe guess  
 What killing Beauties waited on her Dress  
 Her constant Answer when my suit prest.  
 " Forbear, my Lords dear Image guards this Breast.  
 " Where ere he is, whatever cause detains,  
 " Who ere has his, my Heart unmov'd remains.  
 What greater Proofs of Truth than these cou'd be?  
 Yet I persist and urge my Destinée.  
 At length she found when my own Form return'd,  
 Her Jealous Lover there whose loss she mourn'd.  
 Enrag'd with my suspicion swift as Wind  
 She fled at once from me and all Mankind;  
 And so became, her purpose to retain,  
 A Nymph and Huntress in *Diana's* Train.  
 Forsaken thus I found my Flames encrease,  
 own'd my Folly and I su'd for Peace.

It was a fault ; but not of Guilt to move  
Such Punishment, a fault of too much Love.

Thus I retriv'd her to my longing Arms,

And many happy Days posselt her Charms.

But with her self she kindly did confer

What Gifts the Goddess had bestow'd on her ;

The fleetest Grey-hound, with this lovely Dart,

And I of both have wonders to impart.

Near Thebes a savage Beast of Race unknown,

Laid waste the Field, and bore the Vineyards down,

The swains fled from him, and with one consent

Our Grecian Youth to chase the Monster went ;

More swift than Lightning he the Tolls surpast,

And in his Course Spears men and Trees ore-cast.

We slipt our Doggs, and lost my *Lelaps* too,

When none of all the Mortal Race would do :

He long before was struggling from Fends,

And ere we could unloose him broke his Bands.

That Minute where he was we cou'd not find,

And only saw the Dust, he left behind.

I climb'd a neighb'ring Hill to view the Chase,  
While in the Plain they held an equal Race;  
The Savage now seems caught, and now by force  
To quit himself, nor holds the same streight course;  
But running counter, from the Foe withdraws  
And with short turning cheats his gaping Jaws.  
Which he retrieves, and still so closely prest  
You'd swear at ev'ry stretch he were posselt,  
Yet for the gripe his fangs in vain prepare;  
The Game shoots from him and he chops the Air:  
To cast my Jav'lin then I took my stand;  
But as the Thongs were fitting to my Hand,  
While to the Valley I orelook'd the Wood,  
Before my Eyes two Marble Statues stood.  
That, as pursu'd, appearing at full stretch,  
This Barking after and at point to catch.  
Some God their course did with this Wonder grace  
That neither might be conquer'd in the Chase.

A sudden silence here his Tongue suppress,  
He here stops short and fain wou'd wave the rest;

The eager Prince then urg'd him to impart  
The Fortune that attended on the Dart.

First then (said he) past Joys let me relate,  
For Bliss was the foundation of my Fate.  
No Language can those happy Hours express  
Did from our Nuptials Me and *Procris* blest:  
The kindest Pair! what more cou'd Heav'n confer?  
For She was all to Me and I to Her.  
Had *Jove* made Love, great *Jove* had been despis'd,  
And I my *Procris* more than *Venus* priz'd:  
Thus while no other Joy we did aspire,  
We grew at last one Soul and one Desire.

Forth to the Woods I went at break of Day  
(The constant practice of my Youth) for Prey:  
Nor yet for Servant, Horse or Dog did call,  
I found this single Dart to serve for All:  
With Slaughter tir'd, I sought the cooler shade  
And Winds that from the Mountains pierc'd the  
Come gentle Air, (so was I wont to say) Glade.  
Come gentle Air, sweet *Aura* come away.

This

This always was the Burden of my Song,  
Come 'swage my Flames, sweet *Aura* come along:  
Thou always art most welcome to my Brest ;  
I faint, approach thou dearest kindest Guest !  
These Blandishments and more than these I said,  
( By Fate to unsuspected Ruin led )  
Thou art my Joy, for thy dear sake I love  
Each Desert Hill and solitary Grove ;  
When ( faint with Labour ) I refreshment need,  
For Cordials on thy fragrant Breath I feed.  
At last a wandering Swain in hearing came,  
And cheated with the sound of *Aura's* Name ;  
He thought I had some Assignment made,  
And to my *Proeris* Ear the news convey'd.  
Great Love is soonest with suspicion fir'd,  
She swoon'd and with the Tale almost expir'd.  
Ah ! wretched Heart ( she cry'd ) ah ! faithless Man !  
And then to Curse th' imagin'd Nymph began ;  
Yet oft she doubts, oft hopes she is deceiv'd,  
And chides her self that ever she believ'd

Her Lord to such Injustice could proceed,  
Till she her self were witness of the Deed.

Next Morn I to the Woods agen repair,  
And weary with the Chase invoke the Air;  
Approach dear *Aura* and my Bosom cheer.  
At which a mournful Sound did strike my Ear;  
Yet I proceeded till the Thicker by  
With rustling Noise and Motion drew my Eye,  
I thought some Beast of prey was shelter'd there,  
And to the Covert threw my certain Spear.  
From whence a tender Sigh my Soul did wound,  
Ah me! it cry'd, and did like *Procris*, sound.  
*Procris* was there, too well the Voice I knew  
And to the Place with headlong Horror flew.  
Where I beheld her gasping on the Ground,  
In vain attempting from the deadly Wound  
To draw the Dart, her Love's dear fatal Gift!  
My guilty Arms had scarce the strength to lift  
The beauteous Load, my Silks and Hair I tore  
(If possible) to stanch the pressing Blood;

For



For pity begg'd her keep her flitting Breath,  
And not to leave me guilty of her Death:  
While I intreat she fainted fast away,  
And these few words had onely strength to say,  
"By all the sacred Bonds of plighted Love  
"By all your Rev'rence to the Powr's above,  
"By all that made me Charming once appear,  
"By all the Truth for which you held me dear,  
"And last by Love, the cause through which I bleed,  
"Let *AURA* never to my Bed succeed.  
I then perceiv'd the Errour of our Fate,  
And told it her, but found and told too late!  
I felt her lower to my Bosom fall;  
And while her Eyes had any sight at all  
On Mine she fix'd them; in her pangs still prest  
My Hand, and Sigh'd her Soul into my Brest.  
Yet, being undeceiv'd, resign'd her Breath  
Methought more chearfully and smil'd in Death,

## VIRGIL.

*The Second Eclogue.*

**A** Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy ;  
 The fair *Alexis* was his Masters Joy.

No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,  
 But daily came where shady Beaches grew.

Where stretch'd on Earth alone he did complain  
 And in these Accents told the Hills his Pain.

( Cruel *Alexis* ! hast thou no Remorse ?

Must I expire ? and have my Songs no force ?

'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run

The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun,

The Reapers home to Dinner now repair

While busie *Thesylis* provides the Fare,

Yet through the raging Heat I search for Thee,

Heat onely known to Grasshoppers and Me!

Oh

Oh was it not much better to sustain,  
The angry Days of *Amaryllis* Reign,  
Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway? (fair than day  
Though He more black than Night and Thou more  
O lovely Boy presume not on thy Form,  
The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a storm :  
Thou both disdain'st my Person and my Flame,  
Without so much as asking who I am !  
How rich in Heifers all as white as Snow,  
Or Cream with which they make my Dayries flow :  
A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,  
And all the year upon new Milk I feed.  
Besides, the fam'd *Amphions* Songs I sing  
That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring  
Nor am I so Deform'd ! the other Day  
When all the dreadful storm was blown away,  
As on the Rocks above the Sea I stood,  
I view'd my Picture in the smiling Flood,  
And if I look as handsom all the year  
To Vie with *Daphnis* Self I wou'd not fear.

Ah wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,  
 And love like me to wound the Stag in flight !  
 Where freshest Mallows grow our Kids to drive,  
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive !  
 From *Pan* the *Reed*'s first use the Shepherd knew,  
 'Tis *Pan* Preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.  
 Disdain not then the tuneful *Reed* to ply  
 Nor scorn the pastime of a Deity.  
 What was that Task *Amyntas* wou'd not do  
 For half the noble Skill I offer you;  
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have  
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave,  
 And said, Possess thou this by Right 'tis Thine,  
*Amyntas* then stood by and did Repine ;  
 Beside two Kids that I from Danger bore  
 With streaks of lovely white ennamell'd o're,  
 Who drein the bagging Udder twice a Day,  
 And both at home for thy Acceptance stay.  
 O! *Thestylis* for them has pin'd and She, (Me.  
 Shall have them since thou scorn'st my Gifts and  
 Draw

Draw near thou lovely Boy, approach and take  
The richest Presents that the Spring can make,  
See how each Nymph with Lillies waits on Thee  
Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she,  
With Poppies, Daffadills, and V'lets joyn'd,  
A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd,  
My self with downy Peaches will appear,  
And Chestnuts, *Amaryllis* dainry Chear :  
I'll crop my Laurel too, and Myrtle Tree  
Together bound because their sweets agree.  
Unbred and Rustick art thou *Corydon*,  
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won :  
Nor canst thou hope, if Gifts his mind cou'd sway,  
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to Thee give way.  
Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge these Dreams,  
Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Beers defile my streams  
Whom fly'st thou? Gods themselves have had aboard  
In Woods, and *Paris* equal to a God.  
Let *Pallas* in the Tow'rs she built, reside,  
To me a Grove's worth all the world beside :

Lionschafe Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,  
 That very Kid seeks Heaths of flowring Tyme,  
 While *Corydon* pursues with equal Flame  
*Alexis* Thee: each has his sev'ral Game.  
 See how the Oxe unyok'd brings home the Plow,  
 The Shades encreasing as the Sun goes low.  
 Blest Fields reliev'd by Nights approach so soon;  
 Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!  
 Ah *Corydon* what frenzy fills thy Brest!  
 Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest;  
 Luxurious Sprouts shut out the ripening Ray,  
 The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away;  
 Recall thy Senses, and to work with speed,  
 Of many Utensils thou stand'st in need.  
 Fall to thy Vintage; quit the peevish Boy;  
 Time, or some new desire shall this destroy.

THE

THE  
Third ECLOGUE  
OF  
VIRGIL  
CALLED,

*Palemon, Menalchas, and Dametas.*

*Men.*

**A**re these *Dametas, Melibaeus* Sheep?

*Dam.*

No, *Egon's*, *Egon* gave them me to keep.

*Men.*

Ah! wretched Flock! while in *Neara's* Arms  
He lies, nor from his sight dare trust her Charms,  
So oft this Hireling milks you, that the Dams,  
Are pin'd for want of Feed, for suck the Lambs,

*Dam.*

*Dan.*

With such an Impudence thou dost reprove,  
 As if we knew not who profan'd the Grove;  
 Your Posture did the leering Goats enflame,  
 But much more lewd the Nymphs that smil'd at such

*Men.*

( a Game.

So *Myro's* new Enclosure on the Heath  
 They saw me break and bleed his Vines to death.

*Dan.*

As sure as at the foot of yon ag'd Oak,  
 The gentle Daphins Bow and Darts you broke;  
 How did your Gall ferment and swell to find,  
 The Prize to that deserving Boy assign'd;  
 And had not present mischief eas'd your spleen,  
 You had expir'd, and Prey for Vultures been.]

*M. n.*

What will the Master when the Slave's so bold;  
 Thou Varlet did not I my self behold,  
 While *Damons* Goat you trapt upon the plain;  
*Lyfisea* open'd loud, but bark'd in vain,

Till



Till I cry'd out ware Thieves, wake *Tyr'rus*, wake,  
You then slunk off, and sculk behind the Brake.

*Dam.*

Where hast thou sculk, that yet thou dost not know  
That Goat was to my noble Conquest due?  
We sung for him; and *Damw's* self will say  
I won the Prize, tho he not dar'd to pay.

*Men.*

Thou sing with him, who ne'r hadst *safer'd* Quill  
Or wax-joyu'd Reed, nor know'st one Note of skill,  
But, stroling, in the high-way-Hedges shade,  
Some wretched strein more lewdly thou hast plaid,  
Not worth the straw whereof thy Pipe was made.

*Dam.*

Then try with me, since thou contemn'st my Muse,  
This Heifer, lest my challenge you refuse,  
I'll stake; She comes to Milking twice a day  
Yet suckles Twins; what dares *Menachar* say?

*Men.*

*Men.*  
 How shall I make a venture from my flock,  
 Whose Parents are so jealous of their flock ;  
 So strict an eye o're all my charge they keep,  
 One dayly counts my Kids, and both my sheep.  
 Yet of more Price a Wager shall be laid,  
 Since an example you will needs be made ;  
 This Bowl of season'd Beach, a work refin'd ;  
 Which for his Master-piece *Alcimedon* design'd ;  
 Where Grapes with Ivy wreath'd so lively show,  
 The Clusters seem to melt, the Leaves to grow.  
 Two signs within, *Cowen*, and He whose Art,  
 Describ'd the Sphears, the Seasons set apart  
 To Sow and Reap : no boasting Nymph can say  
 Sh'as laid Lip to't, 'tis fresh and new as Day.

*Dam.*  
 I have two Bowls engrav'd by the same hand,  
 Where tuneful *Orpheus* draws the Woods along,  
 Your self would swear you heard his Lute & Song  
 These, yet untouch'd like sacred Reliques stand :

But

But both not to be mention'd on a Day,  
With that fair Milcher which I meant to lay.

*Men.*

Thou shalt not 'scape; that Shepherd judge our fray  
Who e're he be, that next shall pass this way;  
*Palamon* comes; I'll take sufficient care  
No Slave henceforth shall Master-Shepherds dare.

*Dam.*

Begin, I'll answer you; I scorn to budge  
For any Swain alive, nor will our Judge  
Where so much lies at stake his best attendance

*Pal.*

(grudge.

Then since these Trees so sweet an Arbour yield,  
And such convenient Seats this grassie Field,  
Begin *Dametas*, then *Menalchas* you  
Shall sing your Round, as Vying Muses do.

*Dam.*

All live by *Jove*, to *Jove* first Praise belongs;  
The God that rules the World inspires my Songs.

*Men.*

*Men.*

Me *Phobus* loves, his Darlings live with me,  
The blushing Hyacinth and Laurel Tree.

*Dam.*

Me *Galates* when asleep first found  
With Apples pelt, then skimming o'er the ground  
Hides in the Grove, yet wishes to be found.

*Men.*

So fond of late has my *Myrtles* prov'd,  
That *Delia* by her Nymphs is lost belov'd,

*Dam.*

Ten Wildings, but the fairest of the store  
I sent my Boy, anon I'll send ten more.

*Men.*

What Songs of Love were utter'd by my Fair,  
Bear them to Heav'n ye Winds, and let the Gods

*Dam.*

(have share.

To grace my Birth-day let fair *Phyllis* come,  
More fair *Iole* to my Harvest home.

*Men.*

*Men.*

As Rain to Plants, to Kids the sprouting Tree,  
Sallow to Ewes, *Angus* as is to me.

*Dam.*

My Songs are plain, yet found in *Pollie's* Ear:  
An Off'ring makes for your Patron rear.

*Men.*

*Pollie* himself can sweetest strains command:  
This Bulchra shall be his, that spurns the Sand,

*Dam.*

Where'er your *Pollie* his fowl Walks designs,  
Let Honey flow, and Brambles change to Vines.

*Men.*

Hate *Bruids* or else love *Mairies* Notes,  
The same may Foxes yoke, and milk He-Goats.

*Dam.*

Fly Boys! no longer gather in these Bow'rs,  
The Snake lies hid among the smiling Flow'rs.

Men.

Come back my Sheep: the stream from Banks  
To sink, my Ram already is fall'n in. (begin

Dams.

Hast Thy way to the Plains: bring my Flock,  
'Tis time to sleep their Fleeces in the Brook. (O A

Men.

Now milk your Goats, for when the Dog Star's high  
Your Labour will be lost; all then go dry. (T

Dams.

How lean my Bulls, and yet how fat my Plains!  
This wicked Love destroys both Head and Sides. I

Men.

A small Disease to what my Flocks endure  
It must be Witchcraft makes my Lambs so poor. (T

Dams.

Speak, and next *Phœbus* Thee I will adore;  
Where Heav'n a three Ells lies open and no more. (T

Men.

Where's my Friend *Men.*

Say in what Lands the Names of Kings are shown  
On springing Flow'rs, and *Phillis* be your own.

Who can decide 'twixt Swains of equal skill?

You both deserve the Prize, and all that prove  
As you have done the Sweets and Ills of Love;

Boys, let your Sluces down, the Meads have drunk  
(their fill)

From me before thou wert, and now I find  
I live thee thro' the Sunbeams.

For thee I've search'd, and search'd again  
To find thee out, but in vain.

All this time long I've been  
As well as I could, I have been  
And now I find thee out.

And now I find thee out.

TO

*His Friend that absconded Catullus,*

Epigr. 56.

*Oramus si forte non molestum est, demonstras ubi  
sint tua tenebrae, te Campo quæstimus minore,  
te in Circo, &c.*

**N**ow if thou hast one dram of Grace,  
Save a Friends Life, and shew thy Face.  
From me before thou ne're wast hid,  
I saw thee tho the Sun ne're did.  
Come forth I say thou sculking Elf,  
Save a Friends Life, and shew thy self.  
For thee I've search'd, and search'd again  
Park, Tavern, Play-house, but in vain;  
All these thou long hast left i'th lurch,  
I might as well have search'd a Church.  
Distracted now I scour the street,  
And seize all Females that I meet;

Where's



Where's my Friend aloud I cry,  
Naughty Creatures, speak or die,  
One, making bare her snowy Breasts,  
Cry'd— Seek no further, here he rests.  
I'm tir'd with this *Herculean* Work,  
'Tis worse than tugging for the Turk.  
Y'are in Intrigue you'll say——be't so!  
With Quality—— That may be too;  
Come tell your Conquest then say I,  
That's Pleasure—— Pother's Drudgery.  
Mischief take Thee graceless Elf,  
Where canst thou thus conceal thy self?  
I think (I'll swear) should I turn Witch,  
To ride upon a liquer'd Switch,  
Mount Lightning, and out-fly the Wind,  
This Sculker I shall never find.

---

*From Petronius Arb.*

*On the Roman Luxury.*

*That which is in our Power is of no value with us,  
the Mind longs to be soothed with farther ex-  
pectation, and is pleased with the Delay &c.*

**W**Hat I desire I would not soon obtain,  
That Conquest pleases which was hard to  
Fowls relish best from *Calchis* distant Fields, (gain  
And those that *Affricks* Southern Desert yields:  
Through equal Danger sought in either Land,  
Here, Hills of freezing Snow, and there, of burning  
The Goose that turn'd the Fate of *Rome* away, (Sand,  
Because He's cheap is held a Vulgar Prey,  
The painted shining Drake as much we slight  
Tho plum'd by conscious Nature to invite,  
And cheat the Taste to pleasure through the Sight.  
The Mullet's scorn'd, our Fathers choicest Fare,  
And we are only for the Indian Scare.

Yet

Yet ev'n of this we do repent our Cost  
 Unless a Ship or two in taking it were lost.  
 Our very Rocks must yield to foreign Woods.  
 A jilting Mistress the chaste Wife succeeds.

---

*To Mr. Gibbons on his incomparable  
 Carved Works.*

**W**ith silent wonder oft have I beheld  
 Thy Artful Works by Nature scarce ex-  
 Inhabitants of Air, of Sea and Land,  
 And all the fair Creation of thy Hand;  
 Those Figures that when touch'd, are lifeless Wood,  
 To fight, are Fishes sporting in a Flood,  
 For Banquets some on garnish'd Tables set,  
 Some newly caught and flouncing in the Net.  
 Another Scene does Paradise present,  
 Where all the feather'd Sons of Joy frequent;  
 Here singing Birds on dancing Boughs we find,  
 Whose tender Leaves seem ruffled with the Wind.

Oft from an Oaks firm Trunk with vast design  
 Thou carv'st the curling Tendrels of the Vine,  
 Where the resemblance to the life is such,  
 The Clusters seem to bleed without a touch.  
 Nor is the Conquest on the Marble less.

The hardest Rocks thy softest Forms express.  
 In thee *Dædalus's* Miracle is shown  
 While Humane-Race starts up from lifeless stone.

But stay——\* What Godlike Figure do I view?  
 Dare thy bold hand attempt th' Immortals too?

'Tis *Cæsar's* Form with such Majestick grace,  
 As strikes a Sacred Rev'rence through the Place.

What Muse great Artist can perform for thee  
 That Right, which thou hast done to Majesty?

From *Europe* thou long since the Palm hast won,  
 But in this Piece thou hast thy self out done.

\* The Marble Statue of his Majesty, erected in the Royal Exchange.

## On the Translation

OF

## EUTROPIUS,

By Young Gentlemen, Educated by  
Mr. L. Maidwell.

**A**uspicious Youths, our Ages Hope and Pride,  
Exalted minds, and worthy such a Guide:

To whose rich Skill this wonderous Growth you  
owe,

Most happy, if your happiness you know.

Who close entrencht *Eutropius* could o'recome,

And plunder the Records of ancient Rome.

Unlike my Fate, by Pedants led astray,

Who at my setting out mistook the way

With Terms confounded (such their Methods were)

Those Rules my Cloud, that should have been my

Star:

Yct

Yet groping forwards through the Classics went,  
Nor wholly of my Labors may repent :

Strong holds, and hard to take, but in the sett,

No Volume so obscure, no Author met

So difficult, as *William Lilly*, yet.

Without Geography led blindfold on,

And, ignorant when each exploit was done;

Of wondrous Men, and wondrous Actions read,

But all the while with *Fairy Banquets* fed.

All huddled without knowing when, or where,

*Eutopian* Fields, and Battels in the Air.

But you, where ere your Authors Scene is laid,

Beyond your knowledg never are convey'd.

Great your Advantage, therefore use it well,

You fail, if you but mod'rately excel;

Who for your doubts have such an Oracle.

Consult your Guide, whose Judgment more re-  
fin'd,

Unties those Knots, *Dutch* Comments leave be-  
hind :

By

By which your Authors more obscure become;  
 The Fogs of *Holland* cloud the Wit of Rome.  
 While these the vehicle of words essay,  
 The subtil Spirit flies unseen away,  
 He'll shew you where their secret Treasures lie;  
 Sublime their sense, and fix their *Mercury*.  
 Let this spurs, brave Youth, your minds in-  
 flame,  
*Eutropius* conquer'd, calls for nobler Game?  
 Lanch boldly next on *Tully's* flowing Seas,  
 And grasp the Thunder of *Demosthenes*.  
 To noblest Sciences devote your time,  
 And rarely, very rarely, sport with Rhime.  
 See how your Teacher does the practice fly,  
 His Genius, and the waiting World deny,  
 Whilst every Muse in vain stands fighting by.  
 Ev'n my poor strains some small Applause have  
 found,  
 Yet were they with the foremost Lawrels crown'd,

With

With Wit and Sense I'd hold eternal War.  
 To be a thriving Blockhead of the Bar.  
 Once more all hail to Thee industrious Friend;  
 Behold what Blessings on thy Toil attend!  
 What Pains thy Methods cost that thus excel,  
 Thy Mid-night Lamp and Thou can only tell.  
 Yet for some longer space thy Tillage ply,  
 Thy own Repose and pressing Friends deny,  
 Till like *Lycargus* Laws thy Rules succeed,  
 And for long Ages leave a noble Breed!

The



## The First ELOGY

OF

## TIBULLUS:

*Divitias alius sibi cingens Aure, &c.*

**F**OR heaps of careful Gold let others toil,  
 And plow whole Provinces of envy'd Soil:  
 Whom neighb'ring Foes on constant Watch must  
 keep,  
 And Martial Trumpets fright their Mid-night  
 sleep:  
 While I secure in Poverty Retire;  
 With just enough to keep a constant Fire:  
 Let but my Vineyard hit, I do not care  
 How small of other fruits and Grain my Share;

'Gainst

'Gainst me let *Pan* and *Ceres* both combine,  
So honest *Bacchus* still secures my Wine.

My self turn'd Rustick 'midst the Vines will stand,  
And with the blushing Clusters load my Hand.

Nor shall I scorn to use the Hedgers Bill,  
Or with the Goad make restie Oxen till.

Or in my Arms bring home a Kill or Lamb,  
Stray'd or forsaken by the heedless Dam.

Yet while my turn I take I scorn to Dally,  
None more Observant of the Gods than I.

To Three great *Favours* early Rites I yield,  
With large Lustrations purge my little Field.

What ere my Plants on new-made Rivers bear,  
The rural God is sure to have his share.

Wreaths I frame for *Ceres* of such early Corn,  
As on her Temple Gates with Pride are worn.

Nor does *Priapus* Self, tho' coarse and plain,  
Stand always arm'd for my Defence in vain.

You *Lares* who once guarded my large Field,  
And to the small remains Protection yield,

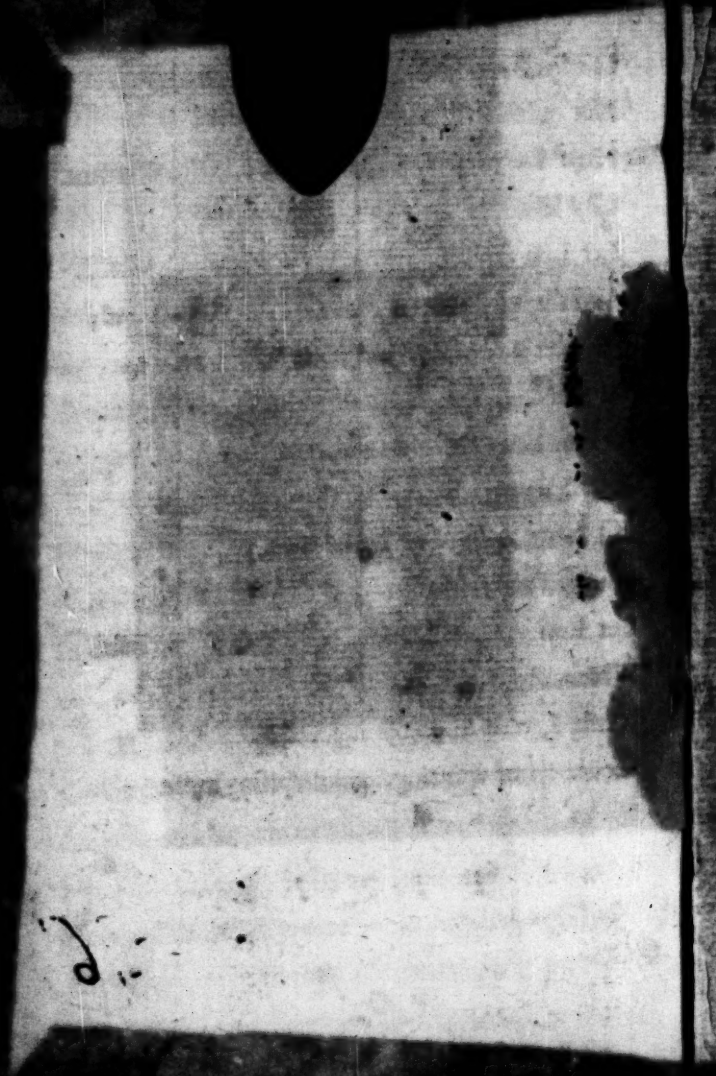
What

What can a Villager brought poor and low  
 For Obligations such as yours below  
 Once *Hecate* came from my Herd unseen  
 Now take a Lamb, you leave my Sheep too thin  
 That tender Lamb shall make your Altar smoke, I  
 The mighty Victim of a little Flock: I  
 Then Nymphs and Swains from neighbouring Farms  
 Shall come  
 And lend their Voices to my Hardest hymn  
 Draw near, ye Gods, nor from what my poor Band  
 In homely carthen Vessels can afford  
 Such as first Swains of easie clay did frame,  
 Ere yet so deep as Gold the Deliver came  
 My slender Fold ye Wolves and Thieves forbear,  
 Rob fatter Flocks whose stock can better spare  
 Ye Gods, I ask not my Fore-fathers store,  
 Nor ev'n that Wealth my self possess before  
 I do not care how small the Glebe I till  
 While I may stretch and take my Rest at will  
 With what Delight my constant Nymph and I  
 Lie listning to the storms that rend the Sky. And

And when o're-coming Clouds & Deluge pour,  
 To have our Sleep afflited by the Showr;  
 Be thiney Lot, and Riches let him gain,  
 Who in all change of Seasons plow the Main  
 Let mercurie and shun the Dog-Stare Heat,  
 In shade of Trees by Crystal Fountains set,  
 Earth hide thy Gold, and Seas your Jewels keep,  
 Ere any gentle Nymph for my departure weep.  
 In fights by Land and Sea let Heroes roll  
 And crowd their glorious Corpses with their spoil,  
 While I keep home to guard my Mothers Charms,  
 And strive for Conquest onely in her Arms,  
 Fame I contemn while Delia is my Prize,  
 And all the Conflict of the World despise.  
 For Delia sake I'd stoop to hold the Plow,  
 Or keep a Flock upon the Mountain Brow.  
 Oh with my tender Arms about her I spread,  
 How gladly could I make the Earth my Bed,  
 How restless must your Tyrian Carpets prove  
 Without endearing joys of mutual Love.

No spell can such a wretches Sleep redeem,  
Not ev'n the Musick of a falling stream.  
How stupid was the Man that left thy Charms,  
Thy World of Beauty for a Name in Arms.  
Let him with all his wisht success be Crown'd,  
And fix his Banners on far-conquer'd Ground;  
Let him return with Hills of Trophies won  
And in triumphant Gold eclipse the Sun;  
Let me that while of *Delia* live possesst,  
And lean my dying Head on *Delia's* Brest.  
If I have any Foe, to him I yield  
The guilt and plunder of the bloody Field;  
Let him pursue the murd'ring Trade, for Gold,  
Which, Age forbids to use or Death to hold.  
While I, retir'd, enjoy my little Store,  
Secure from wanting, and despising more.

F I N I S.



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